

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XIX.—No. 482.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 31st. 1906.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.]



KETURAH-COLLINGS.

LADY LEPEL GRIFFIN.

16, N. Audley St., W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE TRANSITION OF AGRICULTURE.

MANY years ago the present writer had the fortune to meet a farmer of the old school in the Eastern Counties, and he retains a vivid memory of the occasion. It was just before harvest-time, and the great fields of wheat were beginning to colour. Walking over the fields with the usually reticent old man, it was curious to note how enthusiasm brightened his eye, and the colour came into his cheeks as he looked over the fields of waving grain. When he spoke it was with evident emotion, and one could not help seeing that in the progress of the years he had come positively to love his wheat. The passion which in other men flowed out to women, or horses, or hounds, was in him concentrated on those yellow waves that he had brought into being, and would in due time lovingly garner. It makes a great contrast to think of this devoted wheat-grower while reading the latest book contributed to the literature of agriculture by Mr. E. A. Pratt, and published by the house of Murray. A stranger going through these pages would scarcely gather that the production of wheat was any business of the farmer's at all. Mr. Pratt's talk is of milk and fruit and flowers and bulbs, of vegetables and market gardening, of eggs and poultry, and the small produce of allotments. Still, we cannot help wondering if the impression produced is altogether a true one. There have, undoubtedly, been great changes produced in agriculture during the last quarter of a century. The modern milk trade is an instance of the immense development which has taken place during that time. In the country that would be enclosed by a circle drawn round London with a radius of some eighty miles, the production of milk has grown to be one of the most important industries. We do not know that figures are available to measure its growth, but the increase may be calculated from such statistics as are available to be over 40 per cent. during the last twelve years, and as far as we can gather no end to the expansion can yet be discerned. The consumption of milk is a growing one in all sections of the community, and particularly among the poor, while it is impossible to say that it is threatened seriously by any foreign competition. The production of milk is, in a word, a monopoly, and the last monopoly left to the British farmer.

But it is easily possible to make too much of the other directions in which agricultural energy and enterprise have found expression. Those who know intimately the condition of English farming at the present moment are well aware that most of the new pursuits described by Mr. Pratt are only carried on round the fringe of it. Even in the small holdings, which have

been created in various parts of the country, it is surprising to see to what an extent the new tenants follow the old system. They rear a calf or two, they keep as many horses as they can, and find it profitable to raise a good foal; they have pigs, mostly for the purpose of yielding bacon that they consume themselves, and they have a few cocks and hens. Should anyone be able to take a large holding with plenty of grass, he finds that it is still the case as of yore that sheep are the sheet anchor of the British farmer, and yet he is obliged to devote more or less of his energy to the cultivation of cereals. He may not obtain a very high price for his wheat, his oats, and his barley, but he requires bedding for his livestock, and, curiously enough, one finds that to have a little rick of straw is one of the greatest comforts to the small holder. Some of the more aged of them will tell you that they remember how in the early morning they used to steal the straw from the farmer's stack-yard in order to bed their pigs. Moreover, one of the urgent necessities of land is manure, and old straw cannot very well be obtained. Thus a certain amount of corn has to be grown, and potatoes are found to be a useful crop; so that, except in a few favoured districts, tillage goes on with the same objects and very much in the same way as it went on half a century ago, though, of course, there are changes due to progress in mechanical science. The poorest tenant of a farm would scarcely think now of threshing out his wheat with a flail, and labour is so scarce in the country that it has become necessary to own, borrow, or hire machinery for certain purposes. Still, these are not essential features, but only touch the outside of the subject. It is in towns that one might be tempted, if he never went further afield, to think that the whole spirit of the farmer had changed, for the great populations that have thronged together in our large towns have evolved tastes suitable to their circumstances. They demand not only, as we have already said, more milk, but more vegetables, more fruit, more eggs, more dainties in the way of rabbits and poultry than had their ancestors, and in supplying these the home farmer is, after all, at an advantage as compared with his foreign competitor. If fruit and vegetables have to be sent over from France or the Channel Islands, they will never arrive in London as fresh and toothsome as similar products grown in Kent or Middlesex, and cut and sent up to the market in the morning, so that they can be prepared for the evening's dinner of the same day.

Another direction in which taste has grown is in the love of flowers. Cut flowers used to be a luxury indulged in by certain fastidious people of a poetic tendency, and, to some extent, by the very rich; but during the last quarter of a century nearly everybody has come to love flowers more than they did before. Very few dinners of the lower middle class are set out without having them on the table, and for extra occasions flowers are used with a profusion that would have startled our simple forefathers. This, perhaps, is due in some respects to the encouragement given to church decoration. Those who had seen how beautiful even a simple village church could be made by a judicious use of cut blossoms were not long in applying the same principle to their own households. Thus the supply of towns with cut flowers has become an enormous business, and, again, dwellers in cities naturally love to see flowers growing in pots and windows, and in their garden plots if they have any. They will not give them sufficient attention to keep the roots during the winter, and so numbers of gardeners find some sort of profit and remuneration in preparing half-grown flowers and roots for this market. One very important change that Mr. Pratt does not deal with is the production of vast numbers of pedigree livestock. Possibly he might be inclined to describe this more as a foible of the rich than as a business for the hard-working farmer, but there are a fair number of people who derive their livelihood from it. We could point to several farmers of the present day in Suffolk who still retain the holdings rented by their grandfathers, and who make their profit by sending abroad Suffolk Punches, Suffolk cattle, and Suffolk sheep. The shorthorn breeder is flourishing more in the land than ever; the connoisseur of Jerseys has a great range of farms from which to get recruits for his herds; pedigree sheep-farming has been raised to a scientific eminence which it had not attained before; yet we would be less inclined to classify these latter as revolutionary rather than as simple and natural changes. While saying this, however, it must not be thought that we wish in any way to under-value Mr. Pratt's work. His book is wholesome and suggestive, and the advice given is usually of the soundest description.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Lepel Griffin. Lady Griffin is a daughter of Mr. Ludwig Leupold of La Coronata, Genoa, and married in 1889 Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I., who has had such a distinguished career as a Political Officer in India.

COUNTRY



NOTES.

THE evidence given by Sir Thomas Elliott on the butter trade is one of the most important declarations that has been yet produced before the Select Committee appointed to consider this question. He said that the Board of Agriculture sees how necessary it is to stop adulteration at its source, and, therefore, he suggested that wherever butter was blended or made, officials of the board should have the right of entry. He would also have a register kept to show the quantity of butter sent out from each of these establishments; but in our mind the most important point in his evidence was his remark relating to the colouring of margarine. He said that no president had hitherto held the view that margarine should not be allowed to be coloured while the colouring of butter was permitted. The need of correction of that state of things would appear to be obvious. If the colouring of butter were rendered illegal, then, logically, the same law would be applied to the colouring of margarine, and we have yet to see any good argument against it. As is shown in another page, the only advantage arising from the colouring of butter is that the vendor of an inferior quality may pass it off as something better than it really is; while there can be no argument about the fact that colouring matter may be, and is, used as a cloak for adulteration.

The extent to which the weather varies in Great Britain is curiously exemplified in the agricultural column of *The Times* on Monday, where the very capable agricultural contributor to our contemporary relates that in the country where he is—we presume near Salisbury—although a very low temperature has prevailed, the cold winds have been whirling March dust about. Looking at reports from other parts of the country, we find that in some of the counties nearer London it has snowed nearly every day, and much of the land has been white in the morning, although the snow has generally melted during the day. In the North, curiously enough, milder weather has prevailed, but for some time past the Scottish newspapers have contained accounts of unusually heavy floods, and in some districts we notice that rivers are full to the banks with snow water. Thus it is very difficult to generalise for the whole of the country, but one thing apparent is that the season is bound to be a late one. In many districts garden work has been brought altogether to a stoppage, and in garden work we include the cultivation of those holdings that are meant to supply markets. The farmer generally expects to get in most of his seed during March, and this is probably why a handful of March dust was proverbially thought to be worth a king's ransom. But whatever may be the case in Wiltshire, in other parts of the country seeding has been greatly delayed. We do not know that much harm has been done so far, because there is always danger of premature growth being checked by late frosts, and the lateness of the season reduces the chance of this happening very much. Still, the situation is not without anxiety to those who derive their livelihood from the soil.

We may hope that it is a sign of the innate goodness of disposition of writers to the papers, and of the wish to think well of all their fellow-creatures, but it is not a little wonderful that so many people continue to contribute letters full of speculation whether it is for the sake of the bud alone, or for some grub concealed in the bud, that bullfinches attack the fruit trees. There is a strong and charitable desire to suppose that the latter is the true fact; but it is curious that the question should arise, because it is so very easy to ascertain the facts. It is only requisite to examine the crops of any of the birds that the

gardener has shot to perceive at once that it is for the sake of the vegetable delicacy alone that the bullfinch eats the buds. That, at least, has been the result of the examination made on many victims by the present writer, and also the reported result of innumerable other examinations. After all, there are not so very many insects, as the more charitable view of the bullfinch's conduct would imply, which find food and lodging in the fruit buds. Chief of them is the larvæ of the Winter Moth; but its ravages can be very effectively checked by the well-known device of placing a "grease band," i.e., a band of any kind of grease smeared on grease-proof paper, round the trunk of the tree, which arrests the ascent of the wingless females of this moth as they climb up the stems to lay their eggs.

An argument which one of the kindly apologists for the bullfinch adduces is quite curious. He has observed that it has a decided preference for the buds of one pear tree over those of another; and thence he draws the conclusion that the buds of the tree preferred were infested with grubs, and therefore eaten, while the buds not so inhabited were let alone. Surely it is at the very least an equally probable inference that the buds of one tree tasted better than those of the other, apart from any flavouring of insect-life. We know that the fruit of one pear tree is sweeter than that of another to a human palate; it is only reasonable to suppose that for connoisseurs of buds a like difference between those of different trees might be perceptible.

IN A GARDEN.

There sings in the dusk a bird: it is March here still,

And the bough hangs bare, and the air and the earth are chill,
And—had I my will—have I now a song to be heard,

Or where the green can be seen? Not a word, not a word!

But his heart, that is sweetness within, makes sweetness without.

Not a nook in these alleys but hears him; no angle of shade
But is better, I tell you, to be in while he is about.

His voice in the garden is God's, and has made me afraid.

"Where art thou? Where are you?" he cries. "I am here, I am here!"

Comes a voice out of cover responding; alas, but not mine!

I have eaten the bread of the wise; I am drunken with care;

I know I am mortal—while he, that knows not, is divine.

H. L.

The Medical Officer of Health for Wimbledon has been uttering a warning in regard to the cress-beds in the river Wandle. The Wandle, it seems, receives just beside the water-cress-beds an effluent from the sewage fields, and as the sewage water, although thoroughly polluted when it approaches the cress, is quite clear when it leaves, it would seem that the plant extracted the impurities for its own nourishment. It is, moreover, usual to eat water-cress in an uncooked condition, and since it is obvious that the germs of infection can easily be carried by it, surely it is going the wrong way about to promote a law to deal with the cress-beds. It would be much more to the purpose to stop the pollution of the river Wandle.

Sir George Livesey has written a letter to *The Times* which goes against the contentions of those who say that a workman under modern conditions becomes at an early age valueless. For some time past he has kept a record of all accidents that have incapacitated for three days and upwards. The ages of 2,114—or very nearly all the injured men—at the time when the accidents happened, are known. The people engaged in his employment are from fifteen to sixty-five years of age, and the conclusion the figures bring him to is that more accidents occur to men under thirty than to those over fifty. He says, "I would much rather entrust an exceptionally dangerous job to a man over fifty than to one of thirty years of age." This is a very interesting utterance made by one who is not only a great employer of labour, but has shown himself capable of originating many useful plans for helping the working man.

We have often drawn attention to the danger in this country of our rivers being destroyed by the drains made upon them by the various water companies. The trouble is not confined to these islands; the falls of Niagara are threatened in the same way. So immense have been the calls made upon the river by the various electric supply companies that the falls are shrinking perceptibly, and the matter has been for some time under the consideration of an International Commission, who have just formulated the regulations to be submitted to the Legislatures of Ottawa and Washington. What they chiefly advocate is that a definite limit should be assigned to the quantity of water which can be taken from the river, whether it be on the Canadian or the American side. Unless this be done, it seems evident that what is perhaps the most impressive natural display in the world will shrink into insignificance. We have always to remember that in the future

water may be needed for other purposes, and it might become very inconvenient to allow the companies of the present time to obtain what they would consider an inalienable interest in it.

The Royal Irish Academy has just published a bulky report on the result of three years' exploration work among the caves of County Clare. Few probably realise how laborious such work becomes when prosecuted with the thoroughness necessary to ensure lasting value to the conclusions drawn therefrom; but some idea of it may be gathered from the fact that no less than 70,000 specimens of bones were forwarded in parcels to the Dublin Museum for identification. Each of these parcels was carefully labelled, bearing a number corresponding with a map of the cave giving the exact position and depth from the surface at which the specimens were obtained. The bulk of the material collected consisted of bones of various animals, including man, and these throw an interesting light on the old-time fauna of Ireland. Among the more important mammalian remains were bones of the brown bear, wolf, Arctic fox, Arctic lemming, Irish elk, red deer, reindeer, ox, and wild boar. One rather surprising discovery is that the bones of the wild cat, which occurred in some numbers, belonged not to the European, but to an African species, known as the Caffer cat (*Felis ocreata*). The larger of these caves furnished dwelling-places for prehistoric men, for arrowheads and other implements of flint and bone, as well as bronze ornaments, have been recovered, many in a perfect state of preservation; and these were associated with human remains. From the form of the bones of the ankle-joint it would appear that these skeletons represent the remains of people who habitually assumed a squatting posture, as is done by many savage races to-day. Charcoal and burnt stones afford further evidence as to the use of these caves.

Ornaments belonging to the early Christian era, including a gold bracelet, bronze pin, and buckle, show that these same caves were used, at least temporarily, by much later generations of men. Artificially-fractured bones of the Irish elk and reindeer show that these animals were hunted, at any rate, by the earliest human inhabitants of the island; but they probably were soon exterminated. The wolf, however, as is well known, survived until comparatively recent times. The exact date of their final extermination is not known, but they existed in the great forests on the borders of Wicklow and Carlow as late as the year 1700, and it is supposed that they finally became extinct about 1766.

A notable addition has just been made to the fine collection of old natural history books now on view at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. This is an extremely beautiful phototype reproduction of the famous manuscript of the *Materia Medica* of the celebrated Greek physician and botanist Dioscorides, which has been generously presented by Mr. F. Justin, the original being one of the treasures of the Imperial Library of Vienna. It is a really wonderful book, inasmuch as for over a century it ranked as the standard work of its kind, and formed the basis of most of the early herbals, and the subject of many commentaries of early botanists, notably that of P. A. Mattioli [1500-1577]. The numerous plates which illustrated the pages of this great quarto must originally have been of great beauty, but owing to the quantity of lead in the pigments used many colours have entirely vanished. The codex was prepared shortly after A.D. 512 for Juliana Amicia, daughter of Flavius Amicius Olybrius, Emperor of the West. The writing is in the degenerate uncial style employed at the close of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries, while on some pages there are extensive marginal notes of a later date. "It was first printed," remarks Mr. B. B. Woodward in his delightful guide to this collection, "at Medemblik, Holland, in 1478, from a Latin translation made by Hermolaus Barbarus. The Greek editio princeps, made from the press of Aldus Manutius, at Venice, appeared in 1499."

Dioscorides (born *circa* A.D. 40), with Hippocrates and Theophrastus, form a trio of Greek writers who had attained fame as botanists, having been the authorities for all the Greek names of plants up to the Christian era. Of these three men, however, Theophrastus was, perhaps, the greatest. Born *circa* 373-368 B.C., he became an enthusiastic disciple of Aristotle, whose library he ultimately inherited. He was a man of great learning, and was esteemed an authority on themes so widely different as ethics and politics, physics and metaphysics, and was moreover a prolific writer, if, as is supposed, he was the author of some 227 works. Hippocrates claimed descent from Æsculapius, while his mother is said to have descended from Hercules. Like his father, he was a physician, but was apparently inclined to be over-cautious in the treatment of his patients, inasmuch as he is said, on occasion, to have let his patients die while he

endeavoured to decide for what complaint he should treat them! Hippocrates, however, was by no means a botanical specialist. The foremost physician of his time, he was also a voluminous writer, though much attributed to him was probably not from his pen. Be that as it may, by his labours during his lifetime, and his published writings after his death, he exercised a most beneficent influence over the science of medicine. No more eloquent proof of the esteem which his books have won can be shown than the fact that they should have been handed down through the centuries, in various translations, in many languages, to our own day, the last being published in England in 1849.

The University sports were held at Queen's Club, West Kensington, last Saturday, and resulted in a somewhat easy win for Oxford. The day was notable, as keeping up what may be called the traditions of the present year, which provided fog for the Rugby match. On Saturday there was no fog, but there were snow-storms in the morning and a cutting wind during the whole of the day. Oxford were expected to win with more ease than was the case. They were credited with seven events, of which four—viz., the quarter-mile race, the high jump, the low jump, and throwing the hammer—were practical certainties beforehand, and in the three others—the 120yds. hurdles, the half-mile race, and the one mile race—the betting was in their favour. Cambridge at putting the weight were much better, and they also won the mile race and the 100yds. race, the last-mentioned being a very well-contested struggle, in which the victor only won by a foot. The mile was very well run, too, though the weather was unfavourable for the creation of records. Of the forty-three meetings that have taken place Oxford have now won twenty and Cambridge twenty-one, while two have ended in ties.

THE RETURN.

O for the pointed freshness of an English Spring!
The pushing sap; lambs, thrushes, and the young glad light,
The windy day; and then the bright cold evening
When from the primrosed copse where bare boughs dip and swing,
There comes the joyous sound of blackbirds carolling
Until the twilight purples into night.

O lovely phantom mem'ry, in his heart you've lain
And bloomed for him, all through these dusty Indian years;
And now at Easter he himself shall hear again
A blackbird's double mellow voice through sun-shot rain,
A thrush's rapture, and the cuckoo's dear refrain,
When we two meet once more in April's smiles and tears.

ROSAMOND NAPIER.

During the last week the inhabitants of London have been showing their hospitality to a number of Japanese sailors who were sent over to this country to take a ship home. It would be interesting to know what impression was produced on our visitors by what they saw in the capital of Great Britain. The weather certainly was not favourable, and must have reminded some of them of the blinding snowstorm in which the Russian fleet was destroyed. Probably the most impressive moment spent by them was that in which their attention was drawn to Nelson, for a reverence of ancestors amounting almost to ancestral worship is part of the religion of the Orient, and a nation which has all at once sprung to the front of the maritime Powers of the world, is exceedingly likely to reverence him whom the late Laureate described as the greatest sailor since the world began. But this must have been the graver side of the visit. The sailors were probably highly amused by the many places to which they were taken where gaiety only prevailed, yet in these matters one country begins to approximate closely to another, and at the music-halls which they visited it is far indeed from unusual to see a troupe of Japanese artists perform.

It is somewhat disappointing to find that the Scottish admirers of Thomas Carlyle have been unable to kindle as much enthusiasm as would end in the subscription of funds sufficient for the erection of his statue. To the outsider it would seem fairly obvious that the three greatest literary men produced by Scotland are Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Thomas Carlyle. For Robbie there would be no lack of funds, though it is rather curious that his Scottish compatriots divided their admiration between his sentimental pieces and his drinking songs. Sir Walter Scott has already been honoured with as fine a monument as exists in any city of Great Britain. R. L. Stevenson, who must be reckoned one of the lesser lights when compared with these great luminaries, has also his monument. Therefore it is remarkable that this tribute of affection and respect should be denied to Thomas Carlyle, whose passionate sincerity did so much for his generation. It is melancholy to reflect that the material expression of gratitude is likely to take no higher form than a brass tablet.

EARL CARRINGTON'S SMALL HOLDINGS—II.

IN converting an estate of great farms into one of small holdings there are many points to be considered. In the first place, unless the ground is suitable, the enterprise is doomed to failure from the beginning. A very large proportion of the land of Great Britain is best cultivated by farmers on a large scale, who may make a tolerable income, if they have many acres, by obtaining a modest profit per acre. But even supposing the land is rich and suitable, there are several considerations which cause landowners to hesitate before embarking on so considerable a change. One of these is that they exchange a few men of substance for a large number of tenants, many of whom have very little behind them. In the Lincolnshire estate of Lord Carrington there are 650 acres, which at one time were cultivated by a small number of farmers. One farm alone extended to 217 acres, and another to 265. At the time of writing there are 170 tenants, who may be classified in the following manner: Fifteen are resident small holders living on the land and occupying from ten to forty acres each; forty are non-resident small holders living at a distance from the land and occupying smaller lots, from three to nine acres in extent. These tenants do not depend solely on the holding for their means of livelihood; some occupy other land, which they hire in the open market, and some derive their income from other sources. One hundred and fifteen tenants are allotment holders only, who occupy allotments varying in size from one rood to two acres in extent. At first sight it would appear that the landowner had exchanged a simple method of letting his land for one that was complicated and difficult. But in reality it does not work out in this way, the good results being in a measure due to the Lincolnshire Small Holdings Association,

holdings. Those who were late in payment were invariably non-resident occupiers of allotments who had found difficulty in disposing of their potato crop. To this, of course, the average landowner might object that he might not have a small holdings association to deal with. But Lord Carrington's experience has not been confined to this form of letting; he has let land to municipalities, and also direct to the small holders themselves.



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OUTBUILDINGS FOR TWO SMALL HOLDINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The results in each case have been equally satisfactory. However, we are dealing with the Spalding estate at the present moment, and here the very highest praise is due to the part played by the South Lincolnshire Small Holdings Association. Another point is that in breaking up land into small holdings and maintaining fences, roads, and drains connected with them, a certain amount of additional expense is incurred. Even where the letting is direct, however, we do not believe that this obstacle need be insuperable. Let us start with the first item of expenditure—the provision of cottages. The landowner naturally

imagines that the large farmhouses will be left on his hands, and that it will be necessary to construct smaller houses for the new tenants. As regards the former of these propositions it has been possible on Lord Carrington's estate to make use of the farmhouses and outbuildings. The Willow Tree Farmhouse was adapted at small cost for the use of two tenants, and Cowbit Farmhouse is let to a single tenant, Mr. G. R. Scott, a fine example of the typical small holder. At a cost of no more than £100 the outbuildings have been so adapted that no fewer than eight small holders have each their separate store-room, stable and yard, while the cart-shed has been divided amongst five of them. Thus a great deal can be done by making use of the buildings already in existence, and even where they are non-existent the difficulty can easily be got over. We might take a case in illustration that has come under our knowledge, where the circumstances are quite different. The landowner in question, seeing that there was a demand for small holdings, established a considerable number of them. He had a cottage built on each, and wishing to have fairly good houses, spent about £300 on each, borrowing the capital required from the Lands' Investment Society, after the customary examination

by an official of the Board of Agriculture, paying 4 per cent. interest and sinking fund, which made the property his own at the end of forty years. The land was let originally at 30s. an acre, but he charged the small holders £2 10s. per acre for it. Thus, although the rent received for the cottage was not a fair commercial return for the capital laid out, the increased rent of from ten to twenty acres of land was a compensation for this, and at the end of forty years the estate will actually be enhanced in value. Lord Carrington has not followed this plan,



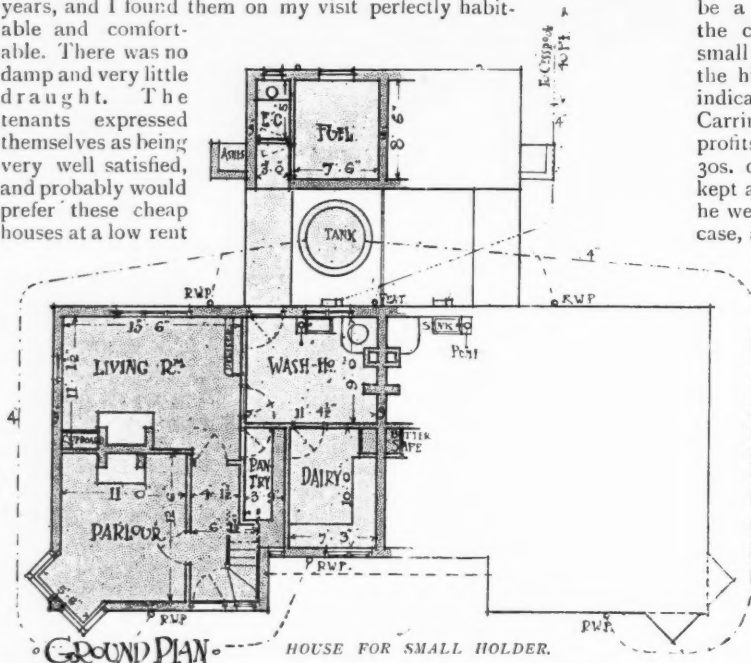
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THE NEW TYPE OF COTTAGE.

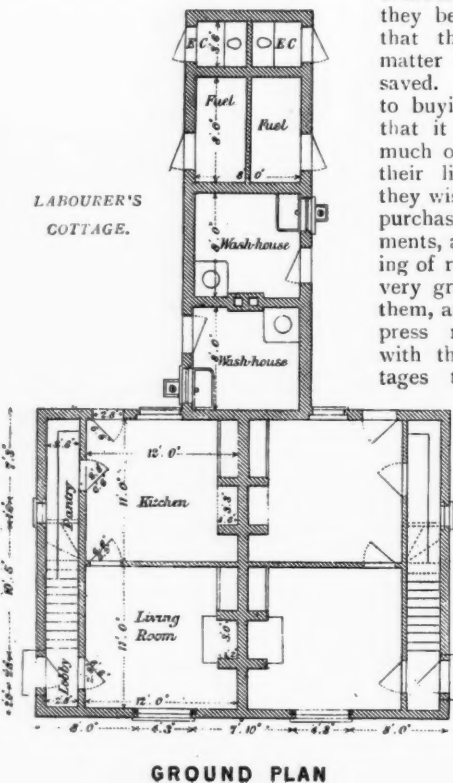
"COUNTRY LIFE."

of which Mr. J. H. Diggle is the very energetic and competent steward and surveyor. This body has taken the land after one or two tentative experiments on a twenty-one years' lease, and is responsible for the rent collectively and severally. As it happens, however, they have not been called upon to subscribe anything. The total amount of rent paid by the 170 tenants amounts to £1,300, and with the exception of the trivial sum of £1 13s. the rents have all been received. In every case prompt payment was made by the resident tenants of the small

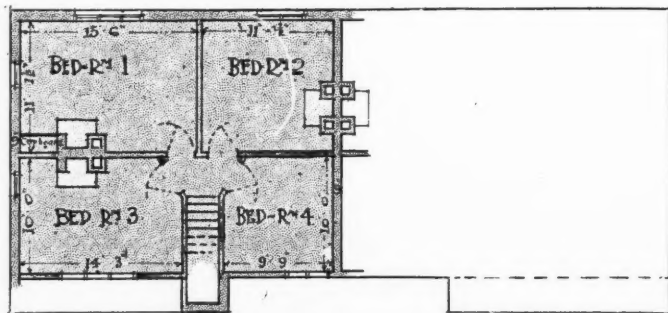
but for certain new holdings has put up beautiful little farm-houses, of one of which we give an illustration, and has erected beside each the requisite farm-buildings. At present a rent of £10 is charged for the cottage, but it is intended that with each house a holding of twenty-five acres shall go, and, ultimately, house and land will go into one rent. The outbuildings cost £100, and the interest on this is found by raising the rent of the cheaper land. To meet the expenses a very good arrangement has been arrived at. Lord Carrington himself is quite content to receive the agricultural rent of the district, which works out at an average of about 33s. an acre. The tenants pay on an average about £2 an acre, and the margin is available for the maintenance, upkeep, and other expenses connected with the holdings. In this connection it may be worth while to point out that the cheap houses put up on Lord Carrington's estate are by no means open to the condemnation that has been passed upon them. At Cowbit Farm ordinary labourers' cottages that had originally been put up at a cost of about £300 a pair have by the addition of diminutive dairies and a few other alterations been made suitable for the small holders. Some of them have been built for over thirty years, and I found them on my visit perfectly habitable and comfortable. There was no damp and very little draught. The tenants expressed themselves as being very well satisfied, and probably would prefer these cheap houses at a low rent



to more elaborate structures for the conveniences of which they would have to pay. It must never be forgotten that the men who become small holders have very little capital at their disposal. By dint of the utmost frugality and the disposal of the produce



of the allotment with which they began, it is possible that they may have a matter of £100 or so saved. Their objection to buying the holding is that it would make too much of an inroad upon their little hoard, which they wish to devote to the purchase of seed, implements, and stock. A saving of rent is therefore of very great importance to them, and hence they express no dissatisfaction with the labourers' cottages that have been adapted to their use; but where new houses are built I am strongly of the opinion that it is worth while making them as substantial and comfortable as possible, always having regard to the fact that there should be no extra-

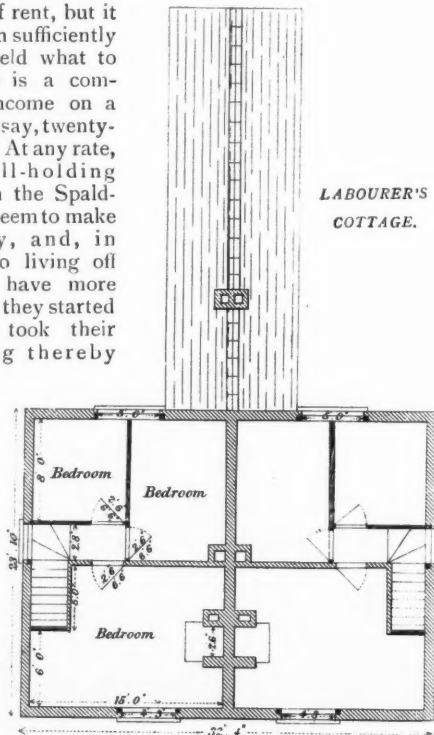


CHAMBER PLAN.

HOUSE FOR SMALL HOLDER.

vagant outlay in connection therewith. If the movement extends, it may be expected that families will settle on the land and remain there for generations, so that it would be a pity to set up fragile and perishable houses which in the course of a generation would need rebuilding. What the small holder can make out of the land is, of course, a matter of the highest importance, and the following facts will give some indication as to this. For instance, it was stated by some of Earl Carrington's allotment-holders that the calculated average profits, after allowing for labour, rent, seed, and manure, was 30s. on their allotments of one quarter acre. One man who kept a careful journal of items, after allowing himself 1s. each time he went to work on his allotment, showed 10s. profit. In another case, a tenant stated that his profit on an acre allotment during three years was respectively £4 6s., £5 18s., and £3 18s. We may take it, however, that on a small quantity of land an average of about £4 an acre may be considered a reasonable return. The average, of course, will diminish with the increase of rent, but it will remain sufficiently high to yield what to these men is a comfortable income on a holding of, say, twenty-five acres. At any rate, the small-holding tenants on the Spalding estate seem to make them pay, and, in addition to living off the land, have more stock than they started with when they took their holdings, having thereby increased their capital.

A careful consideration of the needs of small holders leads to the belief that development is attained in two separate directions. In both we see the beginning of what may come to be a larger movement. The first reflection is connected with the disappearance of the yeoman farmers who existed in England during the eighteenth century. They were able to live, to a great extent, on account of certain rights of common pasture which they enjoyed, and on Lord Carrington's estate at Spalding a provision of this kind is being attempted. Probably others who split up land in the same way will find the example not only one to be followed, but enlarged upon. There is no reason whatever why the tenants should not agree to pay so much per head for grazing rights over land that would be to the modern settlement what the waste of the manor was under the old system. It would not be necessary to make the land common, or reinstall rights of commonage; it would be sufficient to let a field on the basis of so much per head for the animals grazed. Nearly all the holders of a fair amount of land find it profitable to keep a small dairy, and to them a cowgate would be invaluable. But the provision might be extended to horses and other stock. The second point on which one would like to dwell is the need of more co-operation among the small holders. They have not yet learned the great lesson that union is strength,



CHAMBER PLAN

although tentative efforts in the direction are being made. For example, a co-operative bank has been established on Mr. Yerburch's principle. In this bank the small holders are required by a clause of their agreement to have deposited the sum of £203, on which they receive 4 per cent. interest. Members can borrow sums for reproductive purposes, and at the present time members have borrowed money, with the consent of the committee, for the purchase of a horse, a cow, pigs, and seed potatoes. The interest upon loans is 5 per cent. Here then we have an instructive example of what can be done by working

together, and I cannot help thinking that if the principle can be extended to the purchase of manures, seeds, and implements, and also to the sale of produce, the result would be very beneficial to the small holders. It is a movement in which they want both nursing and educating; and in conclusion let me repeat that landowners may make a mistake if they aim too much at cheapness in the building of cottages for the new tenants. It is much better to regard the small holdings as permanent institutions, on which the houses will probably be required for many generations to come, and by charging a reasonable rent for the houses and land taken together the landowner without oppressing his tenants ought to be able to obtain a return that would not result in a diminution, but more likely an increase, of revenue derived from his estates.

P. A. G.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NO apology need be offered for devoting our space this week to a consideration of Mr. T. F. Dale's monograph on *The Fox* in the well-known Fur, Feather, and Fin Series (Longmans). Mr. Dale is seen at his very best here. At the end of the volume he quotes the words of a man who before dying said, "Well, if I had my time over again, I would hunt a great deal more and flirt a great deal less." But hunting has been the passion of Mr. Dale's life, and in this book he gives, in addition to the observation of a lifetime, the conclusions drawn by one whose experience must be almost unequalled. The theme has also drawn forth his best writing, and in the result we have a book as full of natural charm as a volume by Richard Jefferies, and as learned in field hunting lore as the works of "Nimrod." In a modest preface he claims it as his plan "to write the history of the animal from his own point of view," but let it not be thought that he follows the stupid example of those who try to put the story of an animal into its own mouth. Mr. Dale works carefully from facts in trying to explain the reasons for the actions of the fox. He takes the weight of a full-grown fox as averaging about 15lb. and ranging from 11lb. to 23lb., and he holds that a good terrier is more than a match for one.

A little fox-terrier named Corby, belonging to Lord Decies, was put to ground to bolt a fox in the Ullswater country. She was underground for twenty-four hours, and killed three large dog foxes which were in the earth, one behind the other. Their total weight was 62lb.

A good terrier will certainly dispose of a fox more easily than a badger or an otter. Mr. Dale gives the natural life of the fox as between twelve and fourteen years; therefore it is probable that few die of old age. He thinks the



Copyright.

AN ADAPTED COTTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fact of a cross having taken place between the dog and fox "still remains to be proved." Considering how many people there are who contend that the hybrid has been produced, it is very curious to find so few who will endeavour to substantiate their statement by means of evidence. In commenting on the fact that a vixen with young will sometimes turn the tables on an attacking dog, he makes no reference to the reluctance with which hounds attack a vixen in young. The detailed chapter dealing with cubs is delightful reading. We give the following piece of personal observation from it:

In one case a rather dark-furred cub, with a white tag to his brush, was considerably in advance of his brethren, whom, however, he led a sad life, yet greatly, I have no doubt, to their benefit. He would go some distance away, and then carefully stalk them, creeping, crouching, crawling stealthily onwards till he would pounce suddenly upon them, apparently to their great terror. Thereupon a great fighting and snarling arose, which was sometimes quelled by the mother. On one occasion when the old vixen brought back a crippled rabbit (in this way does she teach the cubs to kill) the dark cub was the first to seize and worry it, the others being apparently half afraid until their stronger brother showed the way.

On the question of scent Mr. Dale is quite eloquent. One question in regard to this puzzles the present writer, who was once keen on watching the movements of animals in one of those commensal burrows where colonies of rabbits, badgers, and foxes live together. The custom was to climb a tree and observe from that point of vantage. Now at early dusk of a March evening the fox would come out, sit on his or her haunches for a minute or two, then trot off on the nocturnal quest. The badgers scuttled about more ere they went off on their wanderings, and the rabbits gambolled at the foot of the tree. In no case did the sensitive nose seem to tell them that a human enemy who might have easily carried a gun was near. Had this anything to do with the high perch of the spectator?

The chapters on the preservation of foxes and the homes and haunts of the fox can only be recommended to the reader. We are a little cynical about the stick-heap, which, on the authority of a contemporary writer, Mr. Dale recommends. Formed

as is suggested it would be almost hollow inside, and could be entered by dogs, who would soon terrify the animals from the haunt. It is better to use small sticks in the centre. The foxes will find their way in somehow, and the dogs will be kept out. We must pass the many pages in which are discussed with rare acumen the hunting problems of the day. They tempt one to comment, but in a book that is so closely packed with suggestive facts, much must be left to the reader. Mr. Dale leaves no side of his subject unilluminated. In addition to the chapters dealing with regular hunting in England, he has given descriptions of the more or less irregular fashions of killing foxes that prevail in the mountainous, and to hounds inaccessible, parts of the kingdom. Thus in Wales, as in Scotland, there is often a professional fox-catcher who receives about 5s. a head for foxes, and

Two of the most successful Welsh fox-catchers were women. One, Margaret Evans, is said to have slain more foxes than all the confederate hunts put together. Her hunting-ground was round Snowdon. Another famous Welsh huntress was Catherine Thomas, who gained her livelihood by thinning down foxes in Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire. She used two or



SMALL HOLDINGS: ON HIS GARTH.

three small Welsh terriers of the old breed. Catherine kept the score of her kills by notches cut in the mantel-shelf of her cottage. At her death there were 175 nicks.

Perhaps this part of the subject might have been dealt with still more satisfactorily had some account been given of the work done in the West of Scotland by Colonel Malcolm and his famous breed of terriers. In regard to fox-hunting proper, the argument is adduced that the fox must be of value to any district, because so much is spent in killing him. In round figures, according to Mr. Sargent, who, Mr. Dale considers, is guilty of under rather than over estimating, the annual cost of hunting in England and Ireland amounts to £4,250,000. If we assume 30,000 foxes to be killed, the average cost of killing works out at over £140. What is true of so many sports is true also of fox-hunting. All our amusements tend to become more expensive, but it is doubtful if political economists would classify the outlay as profitable, even when full allowance is made for the advantages of improved health and general reinvigoration.

There is a very interesting chapter on the hunting of the jackal, which is notably placed here because of the close relationship of this animal to the fox. Mr. Dale's experiences form most interesting reading, and this chapter is as fascinating as any other in the volume. The chapter on hunting the fox is, as might be expected, replete with the information of one who knows fox-hunting as few do in this country. We select the following passage for quotation as being interesting in itself, and giving a good idea of the suggestive manner in which Mr. Dale treats his subject:

How long will a fox stand before a pack of hounds on a fair scenting day? If the hounds are able to keep up a sufficient pressure, and the fox is found to go all the time at a full stretch, about twenty minutes is the limit of the staying power of most foxes. If the time be longer the pace must be slower, and there are sure to come some pauses. We talk of forty minutes, or even an hour, without a check: what we mean is, that we have been galloping all the time. But the fox knows, or seems to know, that he must check hounds or die.

In conclusion, we have little but praise to give to this thoroughly well-written and well-informed little manual. No doubt, as the author expresses many decided opinions on subjects which are, and ever will be, matters of controversy in newspapers, and of pleasing argument in the smoke-rooms of country houses when the fray is over, there will be many who will, on some points, differ from the author; but no one who is interested in either natural history or fox-hunting will fail to read the book with the utmost delight. The only small blemish on which we can lay our finger lies in a certain carelessness of reading. There are a few misprints, such as *Somerby* for *Somersby*, which no doubt will be rectified in the next edition.

THE FLOWER OF HOPE.

THE rain ceased at last, but the steady downpour seemed to have washed the colour out of everything, and it was a drab landscape that I looked upon as I plodded through the mire by the side of the river. The little waves, as usual, were tumbling over one another in the swift-running water, but the white tassels of the bird cherries that lined the banks now hung limp and mud-splashed. Turning aside from this depressing sight I began to climb the path through the pine wood, and leaving the beaten track came upon beauty. Trailing in long festoons down a steep bank were masses of the lesser periwinkle, the flower of hope. Sheltered by the trees overhead, the pretty mauve stars smiled serenely from their nest of shining green leaves. Clinging to the branch of a tree with one hand, I was able to pick a bunch of the flowers with the other. But a man suddenly appearing from higher up almost trod upon my head. Startled, I let go the branch and slipped ignominiously down the bank. The man leapt down by my side, and began to pick up my scattered treasures, saying in German, "Pardon, I did not see you." At first I thought he had been drinking; his eyes were bloodshot, and he had a wild disordered air. Then I recognised him as the bashful young peasant who had stood in the background while I talked some days ago with Anton, the old working jeweller, in his shop. I had taken a brooch to be mended, and Anton was turning or polishing a gold ring on a wheel, but had ceased working to attend to me. Seeing the eyes of the peasant fixed on the ring, I had guessed that it was being done for him, and had said that I would wait, but the jeweller had insisted that there was no hurry for what he was doing. Afterwards I had heard that the peasant Johann was shortly to be married to Liza, a girl at one of the farms.

Now I noticed that he held his hat in his hand, and had filled it with periwinkles. "You, too, have been flower-gathering," I said.

"Yes, I have plucked them to make a wreath for Liza."

"What a pretty idea; how pleased she will be," I said, thinking that he meant for her wedding.

Then, to my dismay, tears rolled down the man's cheeks, and he began to sob like a child, and as I inwardly called myself

a fool, he explained, "Ah, who but the good God can tell what pleases Liza now; we were to have been married by the priest to-morrow, and she will be buried instead, and here when a maid dies we give her a wreath of *sinngrün*."

"And I call it the flower of hope," I said, sadly.

Perhaps the man knew how sorry I felt for him, for he stammered out, "If the gracious lady would be so good as to make the wreath for Liza herself, why, Liza would be proud and happy if she could know it."

Seeing Johann really wanted it, I helped him twine the wreath, choosing only the perfect unfaded flowers. Later on I saw Liza; she looked very peaceful clothed in white, with the chaplet of flowers on her hair, and tall candles burning at her head and feet. It was difficult to realise that only a week ago she was tramping through the fields with her hoe. Later on still I had a talk with my friend Anton about this sorrowful ending to Johann and Liza's love tale.

"Ah, yes, indeed," said the jeweller, as he twirled a silver hat-pin in the flame of his spirit-lamp, "it is hard luck on Johann, harder than Fräulein knows."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, for two years Johann could not make up his mind whether to wed Liza at the farm or Marie at the saw-mills. He loved the one, but the other had the bigger dowry."

"He chose love?" I questioned.

"No, indeed; Marie and he loved each other, and that is where Johann's bad luck comes in, for he will not get Liza's dowry after all."

"Well, now he can marry Marie if she will have him," I said, feeling contempt for Johann.

But Anton, being a man, was more pitiful. "Ah, the poor fellow, that is just his hard luck. When his wedding day was fixed Marie married the gardener up at the schloss, so that she should be a bride before Liza."

So I still call periwinkles flowers of hope, for when I recall Liza's peaceful face I do not think she is to be pitied. W. S.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

SPRING, with all her delights, is close upon us. You may tell it by a hundred signs—by the clear notes of piping birds, by the restlessness apparent among all feathered creatures, by the countless budding of tree, hedge, and bush. Who, by the way, was the author of a very old saying which creeps into one's memory at this time of the year:

"Prudent, patient mulberry tree,

No child of the wood so wise as thee?"

After a mild winter all incipient leafage is extremely forward this year; it may be hoped that we may be spared late frosts, or the effect may mar much of the beauty of spring in garden and grove. In a few days we may expect to hear reports of some of the earlier migratory birds. The wheatear, for example, is almost certain to have put in an appearance on the South Downs by the 12th or 14th of March; these birds may have been a day or two later this year, but they were certainly seen, near Fife Beacon, by the 17th. A little later, and stonechats and whinchats will be back in their old haunts in large numbers. Here and there a few pairs of stonechats remain with us throughout the year, and between Eastbourne and Beachy Head these birds are to be seen flitting about near the seashore during the whole winter. Already one begins to look for the cheerful, if monotonous, refrain of that hardy little migrant the chiff-chaff, one of the earliest of all our spring visitors. It is marvellous how this fragile-looking little creature can be prepared, as it always is, to brave with such perennial and serene confidence the bitter blasts of an English March. A little later, and we shall have all the warblers and many another spring migrant with us again, and the woodlands, already starved with the primrose, will be alive with song. Is there anything in this world quite equal to a fine day of English spring amid copse and meadow? I doubt it.

PEGGY WHITE-THROAT.

Few of our spring visitants have a greater variety of rustic appellation than the white-throat. "Nettle-creeper" is, I fancy, the name most familiar to the English schoolboy; but "Wheybeard," "Meg Cut-throat," "Wheetie Why-bird," "Muff," "Churr," "Charlie Muftie," and "Whautie" are other provincial names which have not yet quite vanished from rural Britain. Like so many of our migrants, the white-throat wanders far afield in search of a warmer winter climate. It is familiar in Malta, and travels to Asia Minor and North Africa. It has even been found in North-West India. The lesser white-throat is one of a number of British birds which make their pilgrimage into Africa by way of the Nile. Mr. Witherby, who was bird-hunting on the White Nile four or five years since, met in those far-away regions not only this bird, but with the reed and marsh warblers, the chiff-chaff, willow-wren, and redstart. A white-throat displayed extraordinary friendliness, and not only came into the traveller's tent in search of water, but perched on his bed, and whenever he splashed his hand into a bucket of water would hold down his arm and suck the drops from his finger-tips.

FEARLESSNESS OF BIRDS IN AFRICA.

In Africa, it seems to me, small birds are much more tame and confiding than they are at home. Probably this may arise from the fact that they are there much less molested. The Cape swallow, for example, often builds in the living-room of the up-country Boer, fastening its nest to some part of the roof-timber. The Boer, whose house is, from the vicinity of his sheep and cattle kraals, usually haunted by a plague of flies, not only tolerates the

useful neighbours, the swallows, but, for purposes of cleanliness, puts up a board beneath the nest so as to protect his table and furniture. The swallows, on their part, wage constant warfare upon the swarms of flies, and flit constantly in and out, hawking about the chamber with a perfect fearlessness quite delightful to see. Among other South African birds which manifest this wonderful tameness is the Cape wagtail (*Motacilla capensis*), which not only penetrates to the living-room in search of flies, but will pick them from the old Boer's *veldschoons* as he sits on his stoep, and perch about his chair or his very person. Still, nearer towns and civilisation, birds are persecuted even in South Africa, and in some localities near the Cape many species have been placed under protection of the law. The sling and stone is a favourite weapon of offence among boys at the Cape, and sticks and knobkerries are also commonly used by the native youth.

BITTERNS.

These birds, which still visit us occasionally during the winter months, seem to have been less frequent this last season than for some years past. Very few have been noticed, and, happily, still fewer shot. The winter of 1899-1900 was the last occasion when the bittern made its appearance in these islands in any considerable numbers. During that season they were

reported from many English counties, and scores were shot. Twice I saw these birds during that winter. It is a thousand pities that when these and other scarce British birds do appear they are inevitably pursued and slain by every man who can procure a gun. If these unfortunate wanderers, which appeared so numerous six years since, had been allowed anything like a peaceful, quiet time, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that some of them might have remained with us and bred. Generations since they nested in this country in some numbers, and before the great fens were drained their strange booming note was perfectly familiar to country people. The last instance of their breeding in England happened, I believe, in the Norfolk Broad country in 1868. Those that visit us nowadays are mere wanderers, driven from the Continent by hard weather. Bitterns are birds of a very wide geographical distribution, and are found as far South as the Cape Colony, where they are well known. I have frequently heard their wild booming note resounding from vleis and lagoons in South Africa. It is an unmistakable sound which may never again, one fears, be familiar in Britain. The bittern is a big feeder, and must, like its cousin the heron, be a dangerous foe to fishes. In captivity one of these birds has been known to devour as many as five sparrows for its evening meal.

H. A. B.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF STAG-HUNTING.

IN the old treatises which deal with the honourable art of venerie there are many chapters besides those which are concerned with the mere actions or behaviour of the sportsmen when in pursuit. And not the least interesting of these, from the antiquarian point of view, are those which describe the orthodox method of disposing of the quarry after it has been pulled down by the hounds. Our first illustration represents in

Besides these attendants—some of whom, as it will be seen, may be personages of some distinction—two men are engaged in carrying off the decapitated head of the stag, which is to be taken to another part of the forest, where it will be placed at the disposal of the lime-hounds as a reward for the assistance rendered by them at an earlier part of the proceedings. Finally, the individual who is holding aloft on a forked stick what looks



THE BREAKING UP OF THE QUARRY.

rather curious detail the scene which was to be witnessed after a stag had been hunted, killed, and decapitated in one of the great forests of France in the times of the Bourbon kings. In the foreground are the hounds, busily engaged in what is to them, perhaps, the most enjoyable business of the day—the snapping up and consuming with eager haste the first morsels of the meal which they have earned by their past exertions. Behind them are ranged the huntsmen, who on their long winding horns—so quaint in their appearance to those who are only acquainted with the horns now used in fox-hunting—are vigorously making music, with the object of congratulating the pack upon their success, and at the same time impressing upon them the idea that the winding of the horns when they hear it is associated in some way with that success and with the delectable reward to which it is the prelude. Of the other bystanders one is armed with a dog-whip, with which he can, if occasion arises, keep order amongst the ravenous and rather greedy feeders, two of whom may be seen to be already indulging in a free fight over the coveted viands. Others are armed only with light rods, insufficient in strength to inflict any serious castigation upon the culprits, but capable of being used to protect the holders of them from any rush which may be made in their direction by the excited and quarrelsome canine crowd.

rather like a bundle of hay is the bearer of the "forhu," which is a collection of certain parts of the internal economy of the stag set apart and reserved to be given as a sort of dessert to the hounds after they have devoured the more solid portions of their meal.

A whole host of customs and ceremonies—some of them, no doubt, originated in quite early days—were observed in a punctilious manner in France, especially in the reign of Louis XIV., who in this, as in other matters, was a great stickler for etiquette and formality. Thus the entire *personnel* of the staff of men who had charge of the Royal hounds was organised in systematic detail, the rank, pay, and privileges of each official, however subordinate, being fixed by a law seemingly as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians. The duties of every hunt servant were sketched out for him by inflexible rules; and dire penalties remained in store for any who deviated a hair's breadth from his appointed line of action, or presumed to usurp functions which did not rightfully belong to him. It will thus be understood that the actors in the scene presented were each and all performing parts which were prescribed for them by strict regulations and in accordance with long-recognised usage.

After the *coup de grâce* had been given to the noble quarry, and the *mort* had sounded, his mortal remains were usually



THE LYMER, OR LIME-HOUND, AT WORK.

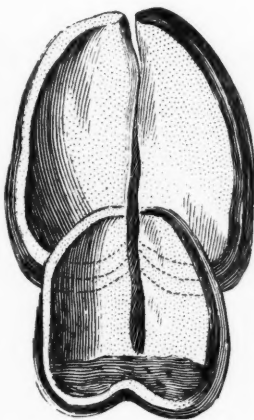
removed to a part of the forest near to the kennels, where the *curée*, or *mouée*, or funeral feast, was to be prepared. In readiness for its preparation, two buckets or other suitable receptacles had been made ready, together with a supply of boiling water and melted fat, and some bread to be steeped in it at the proper time. The stag would then be uncartered and laid on its back, so as to be more easily beheaded and gralloched. After he had been scientifically skinned, the *menus droits*, consisting of the muzzle, ears, tongue, etc., were cut off and handed to the valet who had charge of the portions reserved for the King's cuisine. The windpipe was then removed and thrown away. The upper part of the paunch was extracted and carried away to be added to the *curée*. As for the head, if the hunt had taken place during the period from the end of June to the middle of September, when the new horns are growing down and are "in the velvet," it was set apart to be presented, with the *menus droits*, for the *cuisine de la bouche* of the Queen or the King. At other seasons, however, the stag's head was thrown down to be worried by the lime-

hounds in the manner already mentioned. When the stag had been gralloched, and the contents of the stomach carried off to be cut up, and consigned to the buckets containing the *mouée*, the carcass was dismembered according to strict rules of procedure, which prescribe exactly which limb or part of a limb is to be allotted to each official. Thus the best part of the steak is assigned to the Grand Veneur, while the haunch goes to the Lieutenant. The right shoulder belongs of right to the "gentleman who started the lime-hounds," and the left to the other huntsmen who worked these hounds. Great care is taken to find and preserve the *croix du cerf*, which is a small bone in or near the heart, and which is without fail to be presented to the Queen. This talisman, as it may fairly be called, was considered to possess great virtues as a specific for ladies when in an interesting condition. It was pounded, or ground, and, when administered in a half-glass of good white wine, was confidently believed to ensure a happy result to the expected event.

While the joints and flesh of the quarry were being



THE END OF A RUN.



FOOTPRINT OF CALF.

and to the Gentlemen of the Hunt by the *maître des valets de chiens*. All persons who were entitled to bear horns began to blow them with might and main; and the hounds, which had been kept waiting for this moment, were let loose to fall to on their feast. While they were engaged in gobbling up the *curée* the music of the horns was kept up with vigour. The gentlemen present were expected at this time to take off their gloves; and if they omitted to do so the *valets de chiens* were authorised to pull the gloves off their hands. This quaint observance is said to have been "a custom in Royal Hunts from time immemorial." The manner of conducting the hunt to which the *curée* was a sequel

distributed to the persons severally entitled to the possession of them, the hot water and other ingredients had been added to the contents of the buckets; and the *mouée* thus concocted had been stirred into a nutritious, if not exactly a savoury, mess. Notice was then given by the Grand Master of the Hounds to the King, and small rods of hazel or birch were presented to him, in order that he might arm himself with one. Other rods, such as were presented to the distinguished guests present by the Lieutenant,

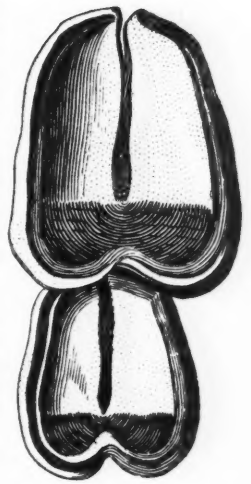


FOOTPRINT OF HART.

did not differ in any material respect from the stag-hunts in Scotland described in English books. It was expected that all persons who pretended to be in the fashion should

be able to pronounce by the inspection of a footprint on the earth whether it was the track of a hind or a stag, and if of a stag what his age would approximately be. The illustrations show three specimens of hoof-marks, belonging respectively to a calf, a brocket, and a hart. The nomenclature of all beasts of venery was, of course, the ABC of the sportsman's education; and the various calls and sounds, whether on the horn or by the voice, were expected to be familiar to any person who presumed to take part in the hunt.

Another plate represents a stag with the hounds in full cry and at close quarters with him. It will be seen that the hounds are very different in build from those which are now familiar to us; and even after making full allowance for the failure of the artist to make very truthful representations of them, it will be admitted that great changes in the breeding of staghounds must have occurred between the time when these drawings were made and our own days.



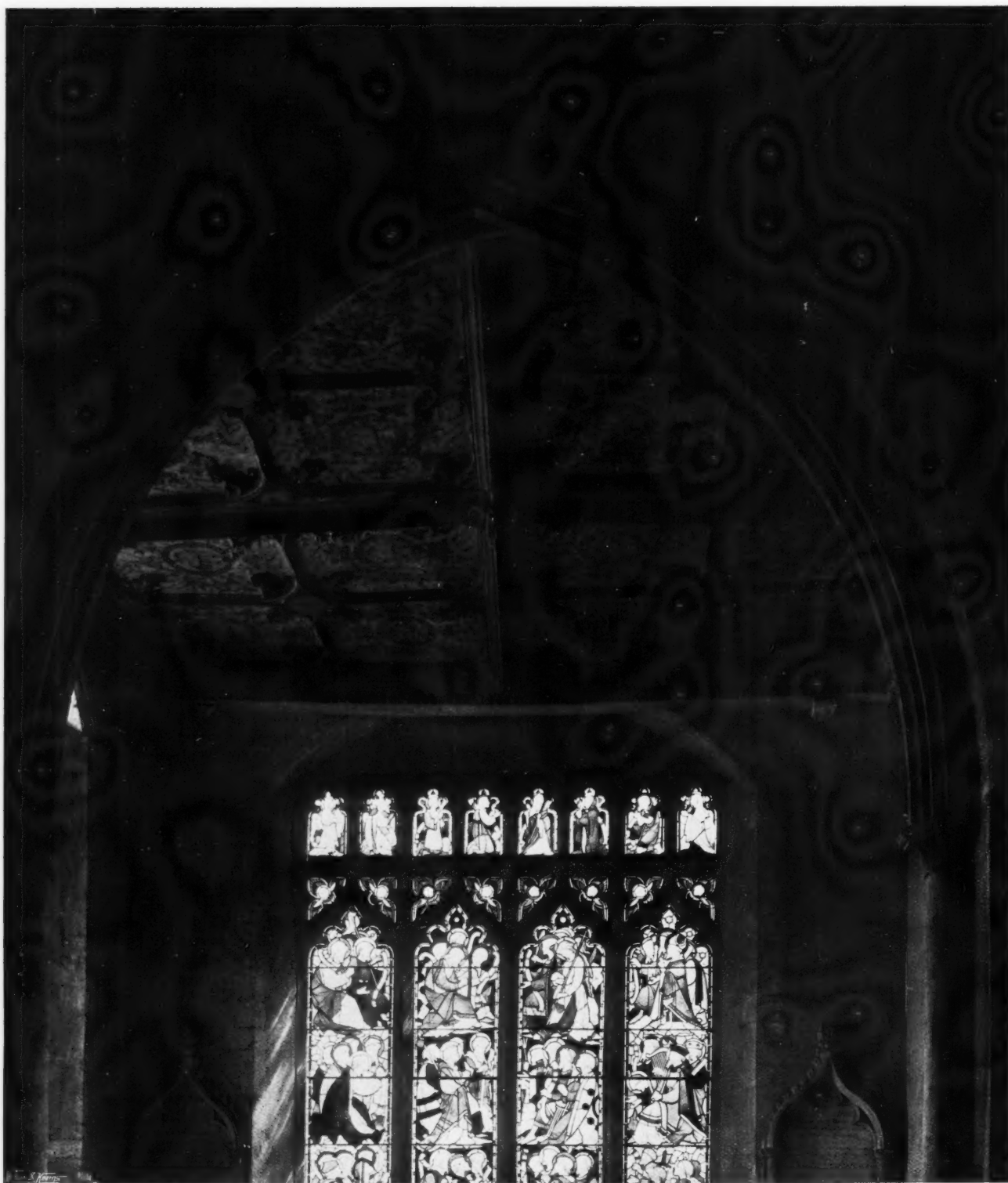
FOOTPRINT OF BROCKET.

TWO NORFOLK CHURCHES.

THE church of East Dereham, in which stand the ornate Renaissance chest and rich font of these illustrations, owes its origin to a very early foundation. St. Withburga, youngest daughter of Anna, King of East Anglia, had built for herself an oratory at Holkham, but afterwards removed to East Dereham, where in 650 her father had founded a church and nunnery, of which last she became the prioress. Considering His Majesty had provided for

his family of daughters with great care in various nunneries, it scarcely stands to his credit, whatever the rules of a religious order may be, that he should have endowed the house in such a parsimonious manner that the whole establishment would have perished from starvation, had it not been for a couple of does who, in answer to prayer, miraculously appeared at a certain place every day to be milked, a fact which fortunately saved the situation. This resource, however, terminated tragically, for the





F. H. Evans.

CEILING OF CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN (SOUTH TRANSEPT), EAST DEREHAM.

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bailiff of Dereham, having his ideas as to the rights and uses of game common to Norfolk proprietors in all time and not wholly extinct as yet, took objection to the mission of the does, and "prompted by the Devil," as the old chronicle terms it, shot both of them, for which abominable conduct he very properly came to a bad end—was smitten with a jaundice and consumed away miserably according to some, or, as others say, broke his neck out hunting. In due course the sainted prioress died and was buried in the churchyard, and evil days fell upon the nunnery, which was burnt by the Danes. The church was then made parochial, and in 798 the body of St. Withburga was exhumed and enshrined therein, where it was venerated for some two centuries by the faithful until its translation to Ely, of which later. The enshrining of the body of the saint in the parish church had good results. Her remains were found to be in excellent preservation, no sooner disinterred than a pure spring of water gushed from her grave, and what made the crowning success of the whole was the cure this source wrought on the afflicted and diseased. The source still remains amid the *débris*

of a ruined baptistery at the west end of the church without the building, a chapel above it having been demolished in the seventh of Elizabeth.

It was from such beginnings that the present spacious church of East Dereham has arisen, a church of a size not uncommon to Norfolk for similar proportions, possessing a nave 78ft. by 20ft., a central tower, a chancel 48ft. by 22ft., which, together with aisles, transepts, and chapels, make up an extensive fabric. It likewise has a great detached tower, standing some 20yds. from the main building. This church has been, like many others, once rich in ornate roofs, painting and decoration, stained glass and carving, which successive generations had been at great pains to beautify, and which successive generations in turn have made it their serious business to tear down and destroy. In 1777 what stained glass had remained was broken to pieces, the nave, aisles, and chancel were neatly ceiled over, and much else was perpetrated in the taste of that day, it being left to the present generation to save what remained and put it in order, as far as was possible. Had the Renaissance chest of Flemish work

then been in existence as old church property, it would doubtless have either been burnt or appropriated, after the manner that a Sir John Fenn of this town appropriated many of the fine monumental brasses then numerous in Dereham Church, and in which he had the zealous and unscrupulous interest common to antiquarians of that age. The chest, however, was presented to the church in the year 1786, being given by one Samuel Rash as "a token of respect towards his native place," which an inscription on a brass plate records; and it was intended for storing the records and deeds of the parish. On its front and two sides are various Flemish figures, bearing a variety of symbols, some

evidently intended for the cardinal virtues; but others are somewhat obscure as to what they may typify. The lock, which may be of an earlier date than the chest, is of curious design. Before the keyhole is a little metal figure in a cowl and flowing cloak, which, when lifted, discovers the keyhole. Above the figure is fashioned a small canopy of iron filigree work; while the panel below the lock has for subject the Nativity, in typical Flemish design. There is a tradition that this chest was formerly the property of the Dukes of Norfolk, and was taken out of the ruins of Buckenham Castle, and lovers of the marvellous have assigned to its age 500 years.



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THE FONT, EAST DEREHAM CHURCH.

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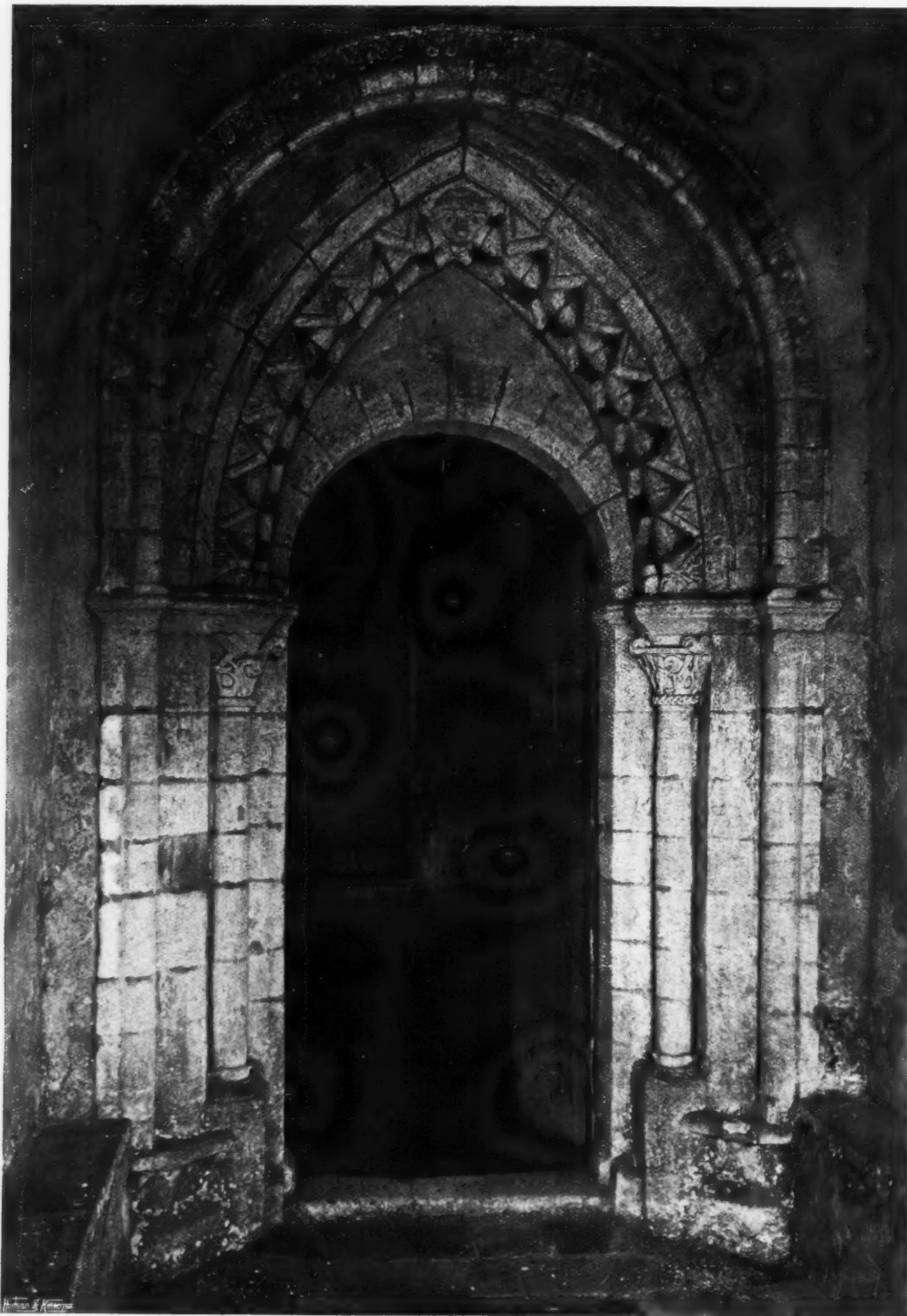
Ancient church chests are numerous in East Anglia. A number are somewhat handsome specimens of Elizabethan or Jacobean pattern; some are curious examples of the strong box of other periods, heavy with iron, and fitted with many locks. All Saints', Icklingham, Suffolk, possesses certainly the most beautiful chest in the Eastern Counties, and it is thought by many to have no equal among the parish church chests of England. In early days the woodwork of the roofs of the chancel, nave, and various chapels of Dereham church was ornate and handsome; much was, however, in bad repair early in the eighteenth century. The flat panelled roof of the

net cost amounted to £12 13s. 9d., a sum naturally representing far more in comparison to our own time. Of this sum total £2 10s. 2d. was raised by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants; the remaining amount was completed by Sunday gatherings, legacies, or the questword of the deceased, also the rent of church lands, which at that time, however, were very small. The stone had to be brought from Lynn, a distance, even calculated by the crow-fly, of at least twenty-two miles, with all the many difficulties of transport; the whole fabric took four loads of stone, at the rate of 2s. 6d. a load, in all 10s. Amongst other items it mentions that the mason got £10 for his share in the business, the

"obligacion" in which he was bound for the said work costing 4d.; for making the "aque-tance betwyn our mason and us" ran to 2d.; the plumber got but 2s. 5d., and other necessary items made up the sum total. The font is one of those of which there are sixteen examples in Norfolk, most of which are as fine as, and some few even finer than, East Dereham. The Seven Sacraments are portrayed on its octagonal bowl, the Crucifixion completing the eighth panel. Needless to say, the whole of the sculptured figures have been badly mutilated; enough remains, however, to show that the mason, judged by the standard of such work at such a time, was no inferior artist, the grouping and proportions of his figures being better than many others. The pedestal has round about it the figures of saints 10in. in height, comprising those of St. James the Great, St. Thomas the Martyr, St. Peter, St. Catherine and St. Agnes, St. Mary Magdalen, and others. The original font cover, if it ever existed, is no more; but it is recorded that one was made for the font in 1678, ornamented in the taste of that day, and supported on four fluted pillars, a design that can scarce have been in keeping with the Gothic stonework it covered.

Since the day St. Withburga was prioress of the nunnery the town of East Dereham has managed to prosper, in spite of serious reverses; it was almost destroyed by fire in the reign of Elizabeth, and again in that of Charles II., when it lost 170 houses; at the present time, however, it possesses 5,545 inhabitants. At an early period in its history it was arbitrarily deprived of what would have in all probability proved a large source of income during mediæval times. It fell about that King Edgar gave Dereham to the monastery of Ely, which, of course, included the shrine of St. Withburga. The abbot of Ely had a practical eye to business, and had no intention

of letting such a treasure lie dormant at East Dereham, rightly thinking that, although he had already her more celebrated sister St. Etheldreda enshrined at Ely, yet a brace of them would be better still. But there were difficulties in the way; the attitude of the inhabitants was positively dangerous at the mere suggestion, and infinite precaution was desirable, if not imperative. He then had recourse to the following manœuvres: an excellent collation at the court-leet that he held at Dereham appears to have masked his designs, and probably the more acute senses of his tenants, and a relay of carts posted at intervals from the shrine to Brandon ferry, rendered the translation of



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LITTLE SNORING CHURCH: PORCH DOOR.

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chapel of St. Edmund had its compartments painted with the Paschal Lamb surrounded with wreaths of flowers, the ribs of its framework were once bright with colour and gilding, and its intersections adorned with winged angels. A roof of the like nature in another chapel bore in each compartment the sable double-headed and crowned eagles which are seen in some other chapels and churches in Norfolk, and which probably typify the cognisance of Anne of Bohemia, the Queen of Richard II.

The font of Dereham church was erected in 1468, and there exists a curious account of the items of the expenses thereof; the

St. Withburga under the mantle of the night a successful, if not risky, undertaking. Once on the water the holy remains were safe, and on their arrival at Ely the abbot enshrined them before the inhabitants of Dereham could take any steps to recover their stolen property. This sharp practice on the part of Abbot Brithnod is referred to in the ancient account as "a sanctified sacrilege, a pious fraud, and a soul-saving robbery," there being no record to show that Brithnod ever denied these imputations. The ruins of the ancient baptistery, wherein the source still trickles, were in 1752 covered over and turned into a cold bath, but whether used for healing purposes or cleanliness is not stated.

Some twelve to thirteen miles away from East Dereham lies the church of Little Snoring, the ancient doorway and font of which are illustrated in these pages, a small parish church of unpretentious design, though showing in its simple architecture some examples of different periods. The ancient doorway displays a curious merging of the Norman style into the Early English; the outer arch is a stilted horse-shoe, consisting of small round and hollow, filled with flowers; while under this is a pointed arch with zigzag ornament, and beneath it is the round arch of a Norman door. A strange procession of changing scenes and fashion may well present themselves to the imagination on the thought of what has passed under this ancient portal since it was first set up fresh hewn from a Norman mason's adze, and the many varied groups that must have stood around the rugged Norman font of this village church. No details now

exist as to what various items cost. It was already ancient before that of East Dereham was ever thought of, and each displays a curious contrast in style and design, the one elaborate in delicate carving and imagery, and the other bold and rugged in its twisted scrollwork and leafage, while its stem of clustered pillars almost suggests the ribbed bole of some great forest tree with which Nature has seemed to mimic something akin to architectural forms. Boldness of conception and boldness in taking action were often inseparable in the early work of our forefathers; it was, no doubt, convenient that the piscina of Little Snoring Church should be placed in this particular spot in the chancel, and regardless of possible disaster—for the quality of the mortar of that day was rarely twice alike; they cleft the two faces of a wall in the embrasure of a window, and supported the overtopping weight with a slender column, upon which it has ridden these five or six centuries without accident, making a simple but graceful design suitable to the rustic church, and by no means devoid of attractiveness.

Little appears to be known as to the origin of the church of Little Snoring. The Lords Valoins were the possessors of the land hereabouts when the Norman church of the period of the font was raised, and it was likely they had a hand in its erection; but much has been necessarily lost sight of from the



F. H. Evans. CHANCEL PISCINA: LITTLE SNORING. Copyright.

very reason of the antiquity of its foundation. Coming to the history of later days, this village can claim to be the birthplace of John Pearson, the celebrated Bishop of Chester, whilst East Dereham church has, amongst other distinctions, that of being the last resting-place of Cowper the poet. George Barrow, who was born at East Dereham, speaks thus in his "Lavengro" of the place as it was in his day: "Pretty quiet D—with thy venerable church, in which moulder the mortal remains of England's sweetest and most pious bard, I could always love thee, were it for the sake of him who sleeps beneath the marble slab in yonder quiet chancel."

IN THE GARDEN.

ROUND ABOUT THE GARDEN.

WE are now in the midst of many duties in the flower and vegetable garden, and we know not which to touch upon first. As we have already pointed out, seed sowing will form one of the most important duties, and many seedlings will be appearing above ground or in the pans or boxes in which the seed has been sown. Judicious thinning out, therefore, must not be forgotten, allowing each seedling sufficient space to fulfil its mission of giving forth an abundance of flowers, which is impossible unless the growth has been restricted. A sharp watch must be kept for mice and moles, especially among the Sweet Peas, the soil in which the seed has been sown providing an easy run. We seldom escape a visit from these marauders, and always grieve that it is absolutely necessary to trap them to save the display of flowers. The mole is a good garden friend in a way, but has an unfortunate habit of upsetting one's choicest plants. Birds may probably be troublesome amongst the Peas and other seeds, but the old-fashioned lines of cotton we have found quite a sufficient protection, and the feathered troubles are kept at bay. Plants under glass intended to be put out in May must be gradually hardened off, China Asters, Dahlias, and the many things that have been sown under glass requiring more air than they have hitherto received.

COLOUR SCHEMES FOR THE SUMMER.

We have just completed some very simple colour schemes for the summer garden, and hope those we have put into practice may be helpful to others. A Tudor garden was designed, the design simply consisting of one large centre bed, with two on either side completing the plan. It is too late to plant perennials with any hope of a pleasing flower display this year, but we have resorted to annuals. The centre bed is sown with Sutton's finest Mignonette, and the other beds with self-coloured Phlox Drummondii, the two selected varieties being a pure salmon and a deep red. We saw this makeshift sort of arrangement last year in a garden in the South of England, and as a temporary scheme regarded it with so much favour that we have adopted it, in the hope that the result will be as satisfactory. The Phlox seed has just been sown, and the seedlings will be planted out in due course. The Mignonette has been chosen to fill the centre bed, as this Tudor arrangement is near the house, and the scent of the Mignonette will fill the evening air. We have a decided preference for annual flowers of strong and pleasant fragrance. Sweet scents from the flowers bring a fresh joy to the garden. One seems to be in a garden when the air is full of perfumes from Night-scented Stock, Sweet Peas, and the many things that have both fragrance and beauty of form and colouring.

Another scheme consists in planting some Rose-heds, which were prepared in autumn, with Pansies. The Roses consist of distinct beds of each of the following, and the name of the Pansy to go with the various varieties is given in parentheses: Hon. Edith Gifford, white (Pansy Blue Gown), Carolin Testout, rose (Cream King), Mme. Ravary, apricot (Duchess of Fife, primrose, with blue edge to the petals), La Tosca, almost white (True Blue), Frau Karl Duschki, dead white (Ardwell Gem, yellow), and Corallina, crimson (Devonshire Cream). We hope these associations of colour will create a pleasant picture; at least, the Pansies, if strong little tufts are put in, will most certainly flower freely, and throughout the summer. No hardy plant is, as a nurseryman says, more "reliable" than the tufted Pansy, or more likely to give pleasure, not only for its sunny effect in the garden, but for its use as a cut flower in the house. Many of the varieties have almost the fragrance of the wayside Violet, and the beautiful colours are appreciated in little bowls on the dining-table.

SNAPDRAGONS FROM SEED.

Owing chiefly to the great improvement that has taken place of late years in the hybridisation of flowers, the Antirrhinum or Snapdragon of to-day is a different plant to the sorts in the gardens of our forbears. This is particularly true of the named varieties, and no one who has seen these well grown and used would be content with the "mixed packet." The named varieties to which we refer are raised from seed, and come remarkably true to colour and growth. They have been specially raised for growing in beds and borders, under what is known as the bedding-out system, and are excellent plants for the purpose. To obtain the best results seeds are sown either in a greenhouse or on a hot-bed during the month of March; the seedlings are pricked out in the usual way, pinched back if very strong, much-branched plants are wanted, and hardened off in a cold frame. They are planted out towards the end of May. Good plants in rich soil should have a square foot of space, and will bloom until severe frost stops them. A soil containing plenty of chalk or lime is a very good one for Antirrhinums. The following varieties may be recommended—seed can be bought at 6d. or 1s. a packet: Cottage Maid, a lovely flower, unequalled for cutting. The colour is a beautiful rose-pink and white, and the spikes are late and very freely produced. The plant is rather tall and quite graceful in growth. A mixture of this and a variety called Yellow Bedder made a very fine picture last year. Yellow Bedder, as the name suggests, is of a yellow colour, a showy and beautiful shade, and when associated with Crimson Bedder the result is very pleasing. The colour is a rich crimson, but the spikes are smaller than in the case of some varieties. "Brilliant" is a well-named Snapdragon. It is of a rosy carmine shade, and the growth is vigorous and bushy. It looks well with Yellow Bedder and Queen of the North. The last mentioned is probably the finest of all the white Snapdragons.

It comes very true from seed, and should be grouped with Pink Empress, which is a large, bright pink flower—a striking and unusual shade of colour. The last-mentioned variety goes well, too, with Robert Pulman, a very free-flowering sort—pure white with a yellow lip and very showy. Of course, Snapdragons may be used in other ways than in beds. Seeds sown or seedlings planted in an old or new wall give to it a fresh beauty.

INJUDICIOUS BOTANISING.

It is well at this time of year to remind would-be botanists that flowers have a vastly different mission on earth than to be rooted up and dissected. As a well-known writer upon our flora says, the true botanist is never to be feared, but what is indeed to be dreaded is the host of eager young collectors, abounding in zeal, but wanting in discretion and discrimination, that descend upon our precious wastes and woodlands like a swarm of hungry locusts, devouring and destroying by tearing up beautiful and perhaps rare vegetation, of which not one item in ten will be put to any good use. Sometimes the waste is quite wanton, for nothing is more frequent, in the case of Bluebells, than to see on the ground gathered handfuls that have been idly picked, and then flung away. Many

thoughtless people say that picking flowers does no harm if plants are left, forgetting that if the flower is taken the plant can form no seed. From this cause many copses, where a few years ago Primroses were in tens of thousands, have now but few, and in a few years will have none at all. Legitimate botanical study in the field is well enough, but our flora is too precious to expose to the thoughtless collecting of those to whom "botanising" is, perhaps, a mere passing fancy.

AN EPISODE OF . PLANT INTELLIGENCE.

ARE plants possessed of some rudimentary form of intelligence? Have they the power of sensation? Can they feel? Or must they be classed as mere machines, of perfect working, indeed, and of superior intricacy, but still only irresponsible machines? Questions of this nature in one form or another are being put with increasing interest at the present day, and though the average prosaic man tends to ridicule the idea of sensation and intelligence in plant life, yet there are scientists more intimately acquainted with the matter who keep an open mind on the point, others who positively affirm the presence of sensation, while others, again, who go still further and suppose an actual rudimentary intelligence. And since the recent discovery of definite sense organs in certain plants—as, for instance, on the stamens in the barberry, and in the six bristles on the folding leaves of *dioneæ*—it must be admitted that the advocates of sensation have a strong show of right on their side. Intelligence is, however, a more subtle quality to deal with, and it is still in the rarefied air of conjecture. Hence any occasion in which it appears to play a part in plant action, or any facts that throw further light upon it, must necessarily be worth, at least, consideration.

Now a remarkable instance of apparent intelligence in a plant recently came under the present writer's observation, an instance all the more interesting because it was an episode in the life of a common English wild flower, whereas it is usually an exotic or insectivorous form of plant-life that is called upon to furnish illustrations of special sensitiveness or intelligence. The little wayside weed in question was suddenly

plunged into circumstances which were quite outside its normal experience; and the story of how it made a desperate effort to adjust itself to its environment, and how it acted on a plan that probably no plant student could have predicted from a previous knowledge of its life and character, is here set forth—to challenge all those who would deny an element of rationality in plant affairs.

On the flat top of a wall that runs along the high road not far from the Lake of Windermere, were growing—a summer ago—a number of little wild geranium plants, which, at first sight, might not have been recognised as such, from the fact that they all lay quite flat upon the mossy surface. The root of each went straight down into the moss, the stem was almost suppressed, and the leaves and their stalks radiated from the stem-centre like the innumerable rays of a star, the whole forming a charming mosaic of pale green leaves upon a dark moss background. It was fascinating for a plant-lover to



F. H. Evans. THE FONT; LITTLE SNORING CHURCH. Copyright.

notice how, as it grew, each little leaf had pushed its way into some niche, never trespassing upon its neighbour's ground, or taking its neighbour's light, but finding a corner for itself, and so helping to lay the mosaic. As the younger leaves grew out from the centre and began to touch the older, the older lengthened their stems until the whole area, some 7in. or 8in. in diameter, was filled with regularly-laid leaves: no undue crowding in one part, no undue spacing in another. Altogether some thirty leaves were carefully fitted in in the 4in. radius round the growing point, all in one horizontal plane. It was so pretty and dainty an arrangement that I, who observed it, being specially interested in leaf schemes at the time, cut through the root at the surface of the moss, lifted the whole plant bodily on to a book, and took it home to photograph. And the third illustration shows what it was like when I looked directly down upon it. So far, however, there was nothing particularly remarkable beyond the ordinary ingenuity that characterises any plant, and after the photograph of its leaf arrangement was taken I had no further use for it. But it was such a pretty little thing that I felt unwilling to throw it away at once, so I laid it in a little water at the bottom of a rather deep round sponge dish, placed it at the back of a side table, and completely forgot it for a couple of days.

When I looked in the sponge dish again I found an amazing transformation had taken place during the interval. At first sight I did not recognise the flat leaf mosaic of two



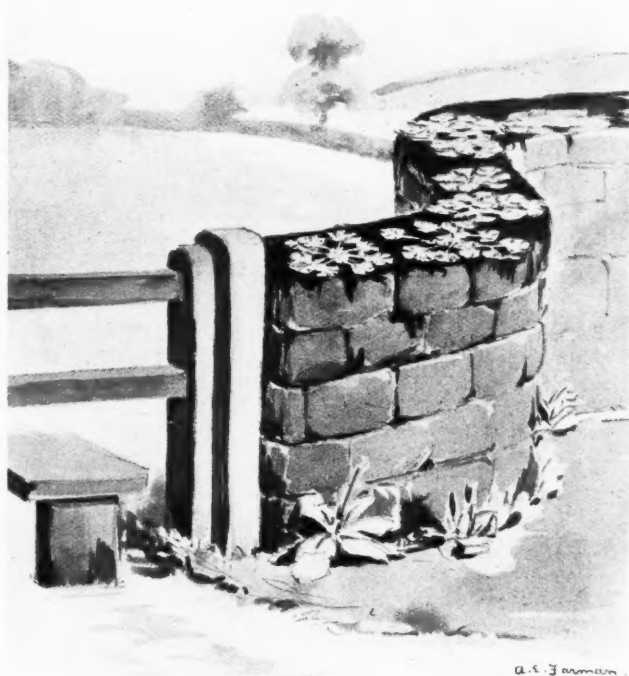
AFTER TWO DAYS IN DEEP DISH.

assistance from below. The result was so wonderful and unique that I at once took the second photograph given here, and it speaks for itself perhaps better than any verbal description can do.

The rationale of the geranium's action was obvious. In its birthplace on the top of the wall the full measure of sunshine had been its own, penetrating into every crevice, caressing every part of its leaves and stalks, and furnishing it with life energy. But in the sponge dish it was plunged, as it were, into a well, where even the circle of light at the top was of diminished intensity, and a hopelessly-insufficient amount for its requirements made its way down to it; hence an absorbing hunger for light consumed it. There was no time for the stem to grow up swiftly towards the light, carrying the youngest leaves with it, as the plants in the hedgerows grow outwards when their supply of light is limited. Probably, with its root cut off and its source of nutriment lost, it did not possess the power to grow, so, "necessity being the mother of invention" with plants as well as with animals, it had hit upon this most ingenious expedient—an expedient which is an example of an obvious sacrifice by a community of some of its members for the good of the whole body.

This incident surely illustrates the intelligent resources which are inherent in plants, and their power of meeting emergencies. Or else how came this result about? But, indeed, as Professor Slater of Harvard University says, "We are in no position to say that intelligence cannot exist among plants, for, in fact, all that we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work." The writer would be glad to hear from readers of any authenticated cases of apparent plant intelligence.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.

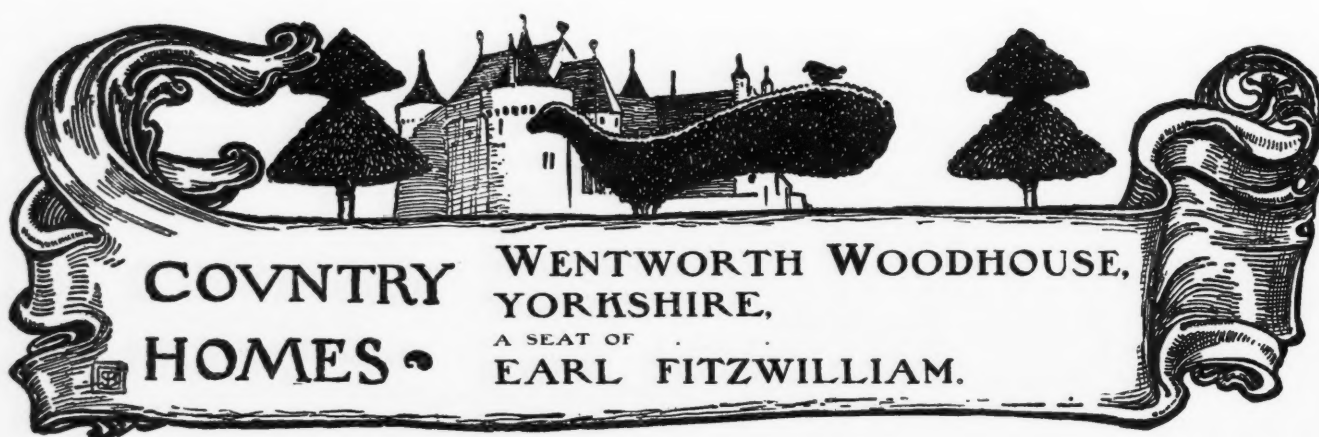


WILD GERANIUMS ON WALL.

days ago in the humped-looking object before me, and I wondered whatever I could have put there. But a minute's consideration showed me that it must be my little geranium endeavouring, through every power that it possessed, to save, or at least prolong, its life. It had actually turned its outer leaves and stalks into legs and feet, sacrificing them as leaf workers in its extremity, and by means of these legs it had raised its central part, the point of all growth, upwards towards the light. By the time I saw it the central part was 2in. above the dish bottom—a prodigious feat for the little plant to perform when one thinks of the short time, the spidery legs, and the weight lifted. Think of the strain in each of those curving stalks, with the leaf at one end pressed firmly down upon the floor of the dish and the other end doing its share to hoist the whole central rosette of stem and leaves. Think, too, what it meant for these "feet" leaves to resign themselves to remaining in the depths below without a chance for the future—they were already beginning to turn yellow and die for want of light—when naturally they should have been stretching up towards the sunshine. The inner leaves and stalks which were not needed for support were acting normally, and curving upwards towards the light, while the baby leaves at the very centre were, from the outset, taking a vertical and not the horizontal direction that they would have done had they remained on the wall top, their gallant efforts upwards being doubled in value by their colleagues'



SEEN FROM ABOVE ON THE WALL.



It is but the modesty of the English tongue which keeps such a house as Wentworth Woodhouse from styling itself a palace. Lying within a deer park of 1,500 acres, this house, whose great southern front has 660ft. of length, masking several acres of buildings, nobly placed and nobly approached, is, with Castle Howard, Wollaton, and Blenheim, amongst magnificent English homes.

Wentworth Woodhouse was a township of the old parish of Wath-upon-Deerne, ten miles north of Sheffield, the great house being a mile from the road which once ran beside it. An ancestral Wentworth of six centuries ago had licence to divert the King's highway from the neighbourhood of his homestead, not being of the hospitable mind of that Fulk fitz Warin who diverted the highway so that it should run through his open hall where all men might drink a cup with him as they passed. An ancient house of Wentworths were at home here from the age of the first Edward, under-tenants of the prior and canons of Bolton upon lands which the Flemings had given to the priory. In the age of pedigree-making their descent was traced for them to Wentworths dwelling here in the first generation after the Conquest, and Stafford's kinsman Gascoigne, who wrote a genealogy for his cousins the Wentworths, gave

their ancestor in marriage the heir of a shadowy family of Woodhouses, descendants of a most improbably named "Molfus Yolsus de Wodehouse." But, whoever their forefathers may have been, the latter end of the thirteenth century finds them established here, a numerous family, soon dividing into two main lines, the elder going on at Wentworth Woodhouse and the younger at Elmsall, each throwing out many branches, of which not one remains to-day among the landed families. These Wentworths of Wentworth Woodhouse were Yorkshire squires, marrying in their own rank amongst the squires' houses of the riding, and nothing is known of their history during two centuries in which son succeeded to father upon their ample estate. With the age of the Tudors we have wills and such-like documents, which tell us at least that they were men of substance, whose strong box kept gold chains, silver salts, goblets and cruets, standing cups, livery pots and mazers, and spoons with griffons' heads for knobs. Arms and armour are in their inventories, horses in their stables, and the English hosts may have enrolled them for France and Scotland. The reign of Elizabeth saw them rising among their fellows. Thomas Wentworth of Wentworth Woodhouse, who died in 1587, married the heir of the Gascoignes of Gawthorpe, of whom





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SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was the judge who rebuked Prince Harry, and served as High Sheriff of Yorkshire, as did his son William after him. When the new order of baronets was created by King James in 1611, this William Wentworth of Wentworth Woodhouse was twenty-second on the list of the first creations. He died three years afterwards, and was buried at Wentworth, where his monument shows himself kneeling in armour at a prayer-desk, face to face with his much-lamented wife Dame Anne,

their eight sons and three daughters kneeling a-row beneath them. The eldest of these sons, a figure in harness towering above the little figures of his brothers, was to make a place in history as high above all others of his name. With him the Wentworths of Wentworth Woodhouse step at once into the large history of the world, for this was the great and unhappy Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. This famous lord was born at London in the Chancery Lane dwelling of his mother's father, a lawyer named Robert Atkinson, as is written for record in an old volume of Chaucer's poems which is still kept at Wentworth Woodhouse. In this book,



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SOUTH END OF GREAT EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

long a family register of the Wentworths, we read that, "Tho: Wentt: the eldest sonne was borne at London on good Fryday the xiiijth of Aprill aboutt xij of the clok att noone" in 1593. The first Earl of Strafford is at Wentworth Woodhouse the genius of the place, where one of the four or more pictures of him which Van Dyck painted is kept as the most precious of the heirlooms. This was his home, when he might enjoy a home, and from here he wrote, in 1623, that "our objects and thoughts are

limited in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring, or some such petty yet innocent pastime." He had been married at nineteen to a daughter of one of the Clifford Earls of Cumberland, and made his wedding journey in charge of a tutor. Coming of age about the time of his father's death, he set up a stately housekeeping at Wentworth Woodhouse, where the household books show that sixty-four persons sat at meat without reckoning those that came in daily to a house of lavish hospitality. When his wife's proud Clifford kinsfolk visited the young couple they came with forty persons in their train, and the old



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SCULPTURE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE TAPESTRY SCREEN—WHISTLE JACKET'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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WHISTLE JACKET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house of the Wentworths must have been added to before such a company of guests could be housed. His first office in his county, that of *custos rotulorum* of the West Riding, was given him at the expense of Sir John Savile, who was ejected from the office, so that this man of many enemies began his public life in feud with a neighbour, and that neighbour one who had George, Duke of Buckingham, to back his quarrels. Indeed, the story of his life is the story of the enmities bred by his imperious nature and obstinate attachment to ideals of government which he might hardly formulate, but which conflicted with all he saw about him. In his early Parliament days he opposed the Crown's prerogative, and the King can never have loved the man who died for him. The Queen had in disfavour the man who would not find sinecures for courtiers. The favourite was already his enemy. In Ireland we have a long list of those who wished him ill—Mount-Morris the Vice-Treasurer, whom he haled to prison and condemned to death for a careless word, and the Viscount Loftus, Lord Chancellor, disgraced, imprisoned, and broken for an angry phrase, being at their head. At every step of his

way a new foe was awakened. Thus, when he was raised to the peerage he must needs take the title of Raby, thereby mortally affronting Sir Harry Vane the elder, the lord of the castle and lands of Raby. As Lord President of the North he brought against him the Northern gentry whose opposition he had met with Star Chamber sentences. Scots Covenanters, English Puritans, and the carelessly-living Protestants of Ireland were at one in their hatred of the man who would drag them to church order and discipline. Mr. Pym and the Parliamentary leaders raged against him and had no ease until they had compassed his death. "We give law," said St. John, "to

hares and deer, because they be beasts of chase: it was never accounted cruelty or foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head, because they be beasts of prey."

Such a man's fate springs up at his birth. His "crazed vessel," as he calls it, had ventured to sea bound for no earthly haven. The very body animated by his pride and choler was his constant enemy, vexed by toothache and racked with the gout and the stone. A tall man, "not handsome, but agreeable



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

NORTH SIDE OF SALOON.

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enough," he had a strange stoop of the neck, ominous in one who was to die by the axe. The perverse fates had made Laud his one friend amongst his fellow-statesmen, and Laud's one service could be to bless him from a prison window as he went to death. That death he met with the great calm and noble disdain which have clothed so many lesser Englishmen for the scaffold, yet in Strafford's case some bitterness might have been forgiven. He had the word of the King, in whose cause he had risked all, that he should not "suffer in life, honour, or fortune," but he could lay down all three with dignity, releasing his sovereign from a promise which weakness would have broken in any case. He died proudly, with unbandaged eyes,

stretching out his hands as a signal to the headsman. Queen Henrietta remembered those hands long after they had been stretched out, saying that they were "the finest hands of any man in the world."

But Wentworth Woodhouse should not recall memories of black Tom Tyrant, the fierce Lord Deputy. Here we should rather recall the Strafford who "never had anything in his possession or power which he thought too dear for his friends. He was never weary to take pains for them, or to employ the utmost of his abilities in their service. No fear, trouble, or expense deterred him from speaking or doing anything which their occasions required." The great lord, whose kinsman





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THE PAINTED ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Radclyffe records that "he loved justice for justice itself, taking great delight to free a poor man from a powerful oppressor," may have had mourners in Wentworth village as well as amongst his kinsfolk. Three times married, each of his ladies found him a constant and loving spouse, and his children must have loved the father who never forgets, in his Irish letters, "Sweet Will," Nan, who dances so prettily, or Arabella, "a small practitioner that way also." The third wife was a neighbour's daughter, born of lesser quality than her two predecessors, and the Lord Deputy could write to her soon after marriage a letter in which he gravely bids her remember that she succeeded in this family two of the rarest ladies of their time, whom she should seek to equal in the excellent dispositions of her mind. Buckram phrases these, which we willingly forget when we read the letter of news of

high state affairs, how "the Cardinall Infanta is marched away into France with an armye of twenty thousande horse and foote without number—but what's all this to you wenches, what's all this to you?" or when we read how, like many a husband after him, he was unable to tell his wife how the ladies at a great festival were dressed, this kinglike man pitifully excusing himself with a tale that he was "so blockishe and amased in good company." He left home and Woodhouse behind him for the last time in 1640, "so I am pulled from old Woodhouse by head and ears." Trunk and head were carried back in the end to the vault of his family.

All his honours were restored to his son William, with whom the Stafford earldom died, to be revived again in the line of a cousin, and Wentworth Woodhouse passed from the Wentworths after more than four centuries of tenure. The new lord



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THE HALL OF MANY PILLARS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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NORTH WALL OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Wentworth Woodhouse was Thomas Watson, second surviving son of Anne Wentworth, Strafford's "little Nan," by Edward Watson, Lord Rockingham. Thomas Watson, known to Thoresby the antiquary as "his honour Wentworth," took the name of Wentworth on the second earl's death, and lived and died here, good householder and kind neighbour as any whom the tombstones reckon with. His son, Thomas Watson-Wentworth, built the great south front of Wentworth Woodhouse, and was created Marquess of Rockingham in 1746 for his eager loyalty to King George when Lancashire squires were out for the Pretender. Charles Watson-Wentworth, the heir of the first Marquess, was home for the holidays from Westminster School when the Duke of Cumberland's Culloden army was marching North. The house of Rockingham was staunch Whig to the finger-nails, and young Charles, fired at the news of marchings and retreats, slipped away from the hunting-field and galloped northward, with his Yorkshire groom behind him, to join the fighting duke. His later years hardly followed the promise of this scampering adventure. He remained a Whig and honest, was Prime Minister for twelve months of a Coalition Ministry,

and was again Prime Minister in 1782, the year of his death. But he is chiefly remembered as one of those statesmen between whom and their king our American colonies slipped away from us. At his death Wentworth Woodhouse passed once more to a sister's son. William Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, who succeeded to this great estate, came of a Yorkshire house of older stock than the old Wentworths. A great heiress of Yorkshire founded their house in the



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LOWER ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

twelfth century, Aubrey, daughter of Robert de Lisoures, lord of Sprotborough, son of Fulk de Lisoures, a lord of lands in Domesday Book. For a first husband she had Richard fitz Eustace, a Cheshire baron, after whose death she wedded William, son of Godric. This Godric—a truly English name—was ancestor of all the Fitzwilliams of Sprotborough and the Woodhall, of Mablethorpe and Wadworth, Aldwark, Kingsley and Clayworth, Bentley and Sandby, and many another manor. Also he was forefather of the Fitzwilliams of Milton in Northamptonshire, from whom comes the Earl Fitzwilliam of to-day, whose cadets are still seated at Milton, where their ancestor received the fallen Cardinal Wolsey, whose treasurer he had been in the



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NORTH-EAST CORNER, MARBLE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

days of his pride. This man's grandson may be remembered in that, like Strafford, he was a Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Ireland sent him home again, like Strafford, weary of his life, being, as he himself relates, "old, weak in body, sick in stomach, bed-ridden with the gout, disgraced with restraints," and so much impoverished in his estate that he came near to selling his lands of Milton. He was governor of Fotheringhay, with the Queen of Scots in his custody, and his kindness to the captive was rewarded by her gift of a picture and other Stewart relics which are still in the hands of his descendants.

The Fitzwilliams were Whiggish as the Rockinghams, and had an English earldom given them for their steadfast loyalty in the same year which saw Watson-Wentworth made a marquess for the same cause. The second Earl Fitzwilliam of the '46 creation, the heir of Wentworth Woodhouse, went like his ancestor to govern Ireland, being Lord Lieutenant in 1795. Within three months he was recalled by a Government enraged by his outspoken sympathy with Catholic Emancipation. Four-and-twenty years later an English Administration dismissed the aged earl from his lieutenantancy of the West Riding for his denunciation of the massacre of the weavers whom the yeomanry had ridden down at "Peterloo." He died the father of the peerage in 1833. His descendants at Wentworth Woodhouse took the additional surname of Wentworth in 1856. The present Earl Fitzwilliam served in South Africa on the Headquarters Staff, was named in despatches, and came home with the South African medal with five clasps and the D.S.O. He was for ten years member for Wakefield, and is a Deputy-Lieutenant and magistrate in two counties and a Master of Foxhounds.

So much for the men and women who have lived in Wentworth Woodhouse since the thirteenth century. The great house itself seems at first sight to have a comparatively short history. The earliest building of which we have any detail is preserved for us in an etching published by Hunter in his history of Doncaster, an etching from an old painting which shows a house in the later style of the sixteenth century, a house upon a terrace, having two wings. The one wing ends with an orangery and a "banqueting house," the other with a covered way leading to a kitchen with two towers beside it. In the age which saw so many old English houses toppled down, to be replaced by Italian palaces, the second of the Watson-Wentworths rebuilt the front of Strafford's Yorkshire home, and the great south front grew up as we see it to-day. We must needs greet it as a vast and imposing pile, but beyond its great size the proportions leave us unmoved. Henry Flitcroft was the architect employed upon it. The son of William III.'s gardener at Hampton Court, he was brought up for a joiner, and was following his calling when a lucky tumble from a scaffolding and a fortunately broken leg introduced him to the owner of the house in which he worked, that owner being Richard Earl of Burlington, arbiter of the arts, and, as a whole-hearted admirer has it, a "truly English Vitruvius." This noble amateur stood Flitcroft's friend and patron until Flitcroft had "Burlington Harry" for his better-known name. "Burlington Harry" soon left the joiner's bench, and in 1731 was rebuilding St. Giles's Church after a design laboriously recalling the St. Martin's-in-the-fields of immortal Gibbs. About 1740 he was at work upon Wentworth Woodhouse, after the solid and uninspired fashion of a builder and joiner who knows his trades and has his pattern-books at hand in case customers should ask for art or fancy. So rose the long south front of Woodhouse, which records at

Wentworth show to have been planned from the designs of one Both. Here we see the old traditions of English domestic architecture cast away by a builder whose patron has the works of Palladio and Vitruvius at his elbow. We may thank the sturdy English craftsmanship that the result has a certain dignity, but it must be remembered that such as Flitcroft had at hand a body of skilled labour which no modern builder can command. Wren, Hawksmoor, and Vanbrugh had left behind them masons and stonecutters in great plenty, who needed but the roughest indication from an architect to carry out classical detail work according to approved precedent. Such craftsmen were they who wrought upon this great portico and its pediment with the shield of Watson and Wentworth, the terrace and steps, and the far line of the wings.

The work of the joiner-architect Flitcroft was brought to



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WHISTLE JACKET ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

an end by Carr of York, who had risen from stonecutter to designer and architect, winning Yorkshire patronage by his grand stand on the Knavesmire for the York races. The upper storey of the wings of Wentworth Woodhouse was built after his designs by the Earl Fitzwilliam in 1806, at which time Carr was more than eighty years of age. The architect died squire of Askham Hall in the next year, leaving £150,000, amassed by his work on the great Yorkshire houses. Charles Earl Fitzwilliam, who died in 1857, took up the oak floor and paved the chill solitude of the grand saloon with slabs of marble, this being, perhaps, the last important change in the house.

It will be seen that we have not spoken of the house as rebuilt by Flitcroft, for, masked by his work, much of the old house of the Wentworths must lie within these acres of buildings. The name of "Clifford's lodgings" given to a certain



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FROM ROOM TO ROOM.

"C.L."

quarter recalls the time when Strafford's first wife's kinsfolk thronged the house with their train. The garden front of red brick and stone quoins is also earlier than the south front, for the T.W. whose initials it bears was probably the great Strafford himself. Our pictures will show well the long vistas of room after room, the cold space, and unfamiliar magnificence of this great house of stone and marble. The name of one room alone asks an explanation. "Whistle Jacket's room" commemorates the second marquess's famous racer, who may be seen curveting in his portrait by Stubbs, the first of the great English painters of the horse, who painted most of the animal pictures at Wentworth Woodhouse.

O. B.

THE GLASGOW STUD.

IT would be no rash prophecy to hazard the opinion that the stud farm founded by Lord Marcus Beresford on the site of the old Glasgow Stud, near Enfield, is destined to become one of the great breeding establishments of the country. There is at present only one stallion in residence, but that one is Cyllene, surely a host in himself. Foaled in 1895, the son of Bona sta and Arcadia was a race-horse of the highest class. The brilliant speed and unflinching courage he displayed when, as a two year old, he won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed that race. Samuel Loates, undoubtedly fine jockey as he was, would probably acknowledge that he never rode a worse race than he did on that occasion. How he managed to get so hopelessly shut in that when he did at last get clear it seemed a sheer impossibility for any horse to get up and win, will always remain as one of the curiosities of racing. All that one can say is that when he did get clear of his difficulties no jockey ever rode a more determined finish, and never did a race-horse respond more gallantly to his rider's call than did Cyllene, when he succeeded in getting up and beating Ebba by a short head. Amongst the other races which Cyllene won during his racing career were the Jockey Club Stakes and the Ascot Gold Cup. Speed, stamina, and courage are the highest attributes of the race-horse, and Cyllene furnished abundant proof that he possessed them all. The future will probably satisfy Mr. Bass that the sum of 30,000 guineas which he gave Mr. C. B. Rose for Cyllene was a good investment, and will show that breeders who have been fortunate enough to secure subscriptions to this good horse have acted wisely in so doing. While on this subject the writer would like to suggest that mares of the No. 4 family, if suitable in other respects, are likely to do well if mated with Cyllene.

By right of her name and her fame, Sceptre, the famous daughter of Persimmon and Ornament, reigns supreme amongst the consorts of Cyllene. To look at her now, one can hardly realise that her racing days are over. All the old grace of outline is still conspicuous; to all outward seeming her legs are as fine as ever; and she still retains her own peculiar ease and poetry of motion. The tale of her deeds upon the Turf, of her successful accomplishment of tasks that were looked upon as impossible, and, also, it must be said, the recollection of one or two inexplicable failures, are still fresh in the memory of the majority of racing-folk. Well indeed may we ask when again we shall see competing for the Eclipse Stakes such animals as Ard Patrick, Sceptre, and Rock Sand; between them they had won seven classic races. Whether the mare was quite at her best that day has always been a matter of argument; be that as it may, it was only after a desperate effort that Ard Patrick wore her down and beat her by a neck. Not long afterwards came what was, perhaps, the most memorable event in her career, when in the race for the Jockey Club Stakes she gave 15lb. to Rock Sand and beat him with the greatest of ease. Enthusiasm for such a mare as Sceptre was, would lead one on to wander from the matter in hand. The record of the classic races in 1902 furnishes ample proof of her marvellous racing capacity. There are five so-called classic races in the year—the One Thousand

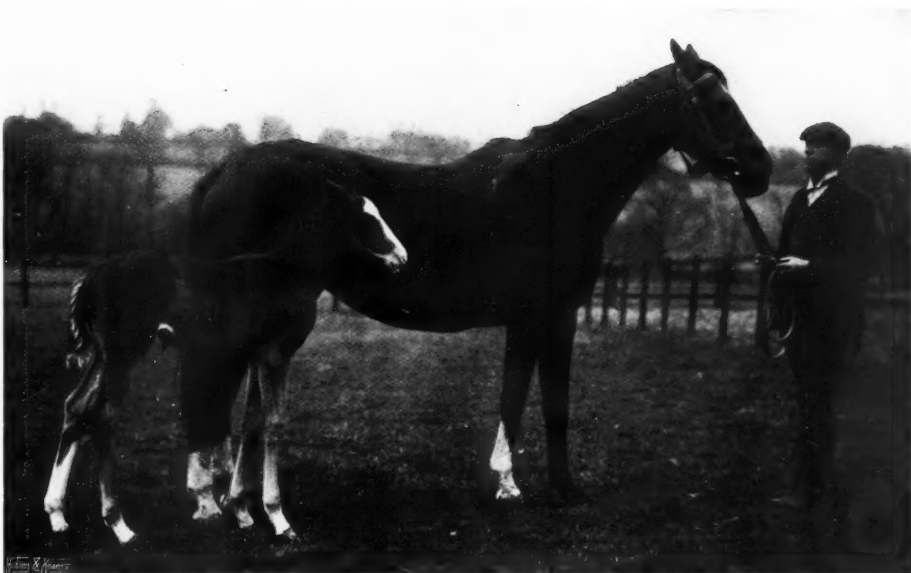


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SCEPTRE AND HER TWELVE DAYS OLD DAUGHTER BY CYLLENE.

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Guineas, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. The winner of three of these races in one year is spoken of as a triple-crowned horse, and there are not so very many animals in Turf history who have been entitled to rank in this category. But in this memorable year all the classic races, with the exception of the Derby, were won by Sceptre without the semblance of an effort. There were wiseacres who prophesied that Sceptre would be a failure as a brood mare; according to them, she had been so exhausted by the efforts she had been obliged to make during her racing career that Nature would cry a halt; but prophets were wrong. These are things of the past, and here she is with her firstborn foal at foot. What the future may have in store for her bonnie bay daughter by Cyllene none can foresee; but, as she stands at present, she is to all appearance well worthy of her sire and dam. Most foals have a habit of hiding themselves behind their mothers, but this young lady has a decided character of her own, and as soon as the door of the box is opened advances to meet her visitors without the slightest hesitation, and, after a careful scrutiny of the intruder, a touch of her dainty muzzle on one's hand conveys the intimation that she is satisfied with the inspection, and she returns tranquilly to her interrupted meal. However, this has to wait, as her visitors have specially made this journey, anxious to secure for COUNTRY LIFE the first portrait of the young celebrity, and so, in a few minutes, Sceptre marches out of her box in charge of her attendant, and in the adjoining paddock she and her daughter "pose" for the picture which accompanies these lines, which well portrays the characteristic independence of the youngster, who, although only twelve days old, is quite disposed to go off entirely on her own account. Lady Orme and Nenemoosha are two beautiful mares belonging to Lord Londonderry. The former has a wonderfully strong and shapely chestnut filly foal by Cyllene, and the latter



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LADY ORME AND HER CYLLENE FOAL.

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will be remembered as the dam of Cyanean, by Cyllene, and also of the chestnut colt, Cynosure, by the same sire, which realised 3,800 guineas at the Doncaster sale of Lord Londonderry's

yearlings last year. Judges, however critical, would find it hard to discover a fault with a bay filly foal by Cyllene out of the unbeaten mare Quintessence; this youngster has the wonderful back and loins and good limbs and joints which Cyllene appears to infuse into all his stock, and she has, moreover, good girth and heart room, and her muscular development is extraordinary for her age. The mare herself is quite a nice type of a short-legged brood mare, with plenty of class and quality.

That Cyllene's list is well filled may be gathered from a glance at the names of some of the mares now on a visit to him. Amongst



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NENEMOOSHA, DAM OF CYNOSURE.

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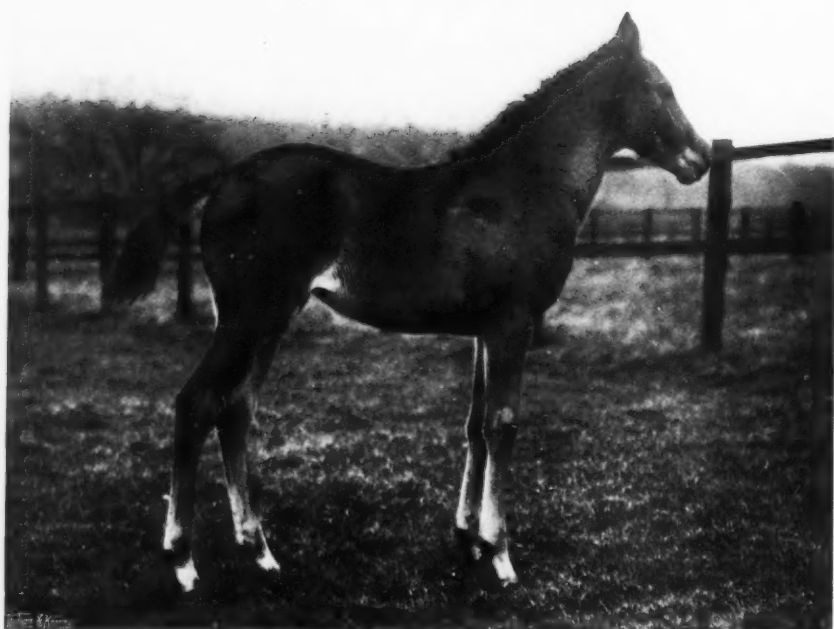
them are Miss Gunning II. and Mrs. Butterwick, both the property of the Duke of Portland, the latter being now in foal to Gallinule. Colonel Hall Walker is represented by Jeans Folly, by Isinglass out of Black Cherry, by Ayrshire; she was quite one of the best of her year in Ireland, and has a foal by Count Schomberg. Montem, by Ladas out of Kermesse, belongs to Lord Rosebery, and, amongst other races, won the New Stakes, beating Santry and Lancashire. Major Loder has sent Soraway, now in foal to Wildfowler. Quintessence and Virginal belong to Lord Falmouth. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has sent Ayah, who has got a wonderfully sturdy, "stocky" chestnut colt foal by Fortunio. Handmaid, belonging to Mr. Russell, has a good-looking colt foal by Rightaway. This is a nice sort of Hampton mare, own sister to Rambling Katie, and is just the right stamp of mare to send to Cyllene. Altogether there are about forty mares now at the Glasgow Stud.



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QUINTESSENCE AND FOAL BY CYLLENE.

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ANOTHER FINE CYLLENE FOAL.

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With regard to the stud farm itself, as might be expected of an establishment of this sort, which has, so to speak, been built under the supervision of Lord Marcus Beresford himself, it is practical in all its details. For ten years, at least, the land has been free from the taint of horses. About 150 acres of excellent pasture, which is divided into well-sheltered paddocks of from six to ten acres each, are set apart for the purposes of the stud, and the whole farm is well sheltered by woods. There are two main yards, in the first of which are twenty-four boxes, two of which have been specially constructed for foaling boxes; their floors are covered with tiles, upon which the mares cannot slip, and which permit of the boxes being thoroughly washed out and disinfected after foaling, an arrangement which will commend itself to all who may have mares to send to this stud. The centre of the yard is taken up with a covered-in evening school, 30yds. by 16yds. in dimension, which is well lighted throughout, and so arranged that a free passage of air can be given when required. At the further end of the yard is a lofty old barn, which has been completely done up and fitted to contain seven good boxes, besides ample storage room for the fodder not in actual use. It is interesting to note that where this building now stands were formerly the boxes inhabited by Toxophilite and Musket. The stallion boxes now in use are entirely new constructions, having an internal measurement of 16ft. by 16ft.; the floors are of brick, laid on top of 1ft. of concrete; they are very lofty, and have a ventilating fan in the roof.

The lower yard contains about twenty boxes, ten of which are entirely new, the ones on the opposite side having been thoroughly dug out and restored. In the centre of the yard is a large boarded-in straw-yard, across the end of which runs a covered-in shed fitted with mangers and water-troughs. Accommodation for the lads is provided in four cottages attached to the stud farm. Most of the hay, which is of excellent quality, is grown in the neighbourhood; the oats used come from Lincolnshire. There has been no case of sickness among

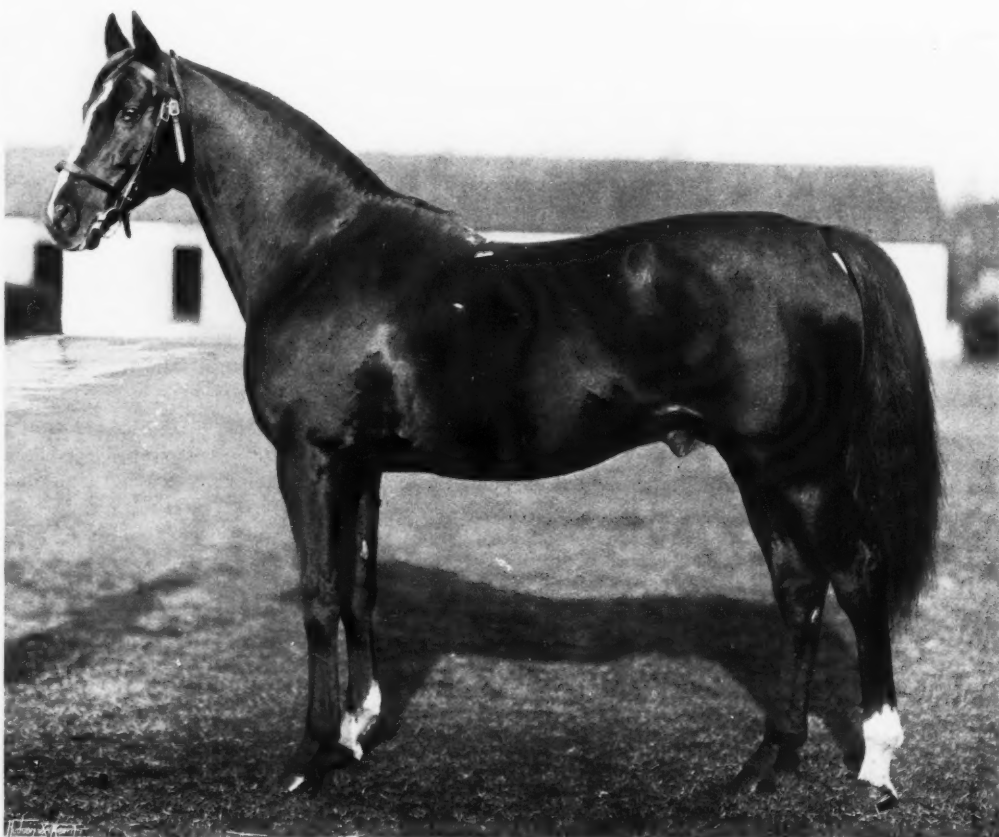
the stock, and one cannot help noting that Cyllene himself has improved considerably in appearance since his arrival at Enfield. He retains all the blood-like elegance and symmetry which were always his peculiar characteristics, but he has thickened and gained in muscle, and is perfectly good tempered and sure with his mares. The cosy old-fashioned house on the farm is inhabited by William Tunaly, to whose charge Lord Marcus Beresford has entrusted the management of the stud. That he should have done so is a fact which is in itself sufficient testimony to the capability of the man whose shoulders have to bear so much responsibility.

T. H. B.

FROM THE FARMS.

COLOURING MATTER IN BUTTER.

IN the course of his report on the dairying at Park Royal, which has just been issued by the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. Ernest Mathews, in making a comparison between purchased butter and butter made in the showyard, says, "For this experiment five different lots of butter were purchased on the first day of the show from some of the best shops in London. These were brought to the dairy and made up into pound lumps, each sample being numbered. Two lots of butter were made up in the dairy that morning: one from cream separated from the Jersey milk that was brought in on the previous evening; the other from cream sent up specially from a private dairy. The seven lots of butter were then judged by Professor Drummond of the Dairy School, Kilmarnock, the judge of the butter exhibited in the Produce Department. His report is given in Table XIII. on page 109. The remarks on the colour of the



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CYLLENE, BY BONA VISTA—ARCADIA.

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foreign butters apparently indicate that in most cases colouring material was used. In the previous experiment I intimated that the addition of colouring material would have insensibly improved the appearance, and, therefore, the selling value of the inferior sample, although the quality of the butter in other respects would not have been altered. I again draw attention to this point in connection with this experiment, as I am satisfied that if the

colouring of butter were prohibited, the coloured butters would not command so high a price as they do, and as, in other respects, the butters would be the same, the consumer would get the benefit of the lower price." Mr. Mathews speaks with the moderation which one would expect from him, but the inference to be drawn from his words is plain, viz., that the introduction of colouring matter into butter may be, and probably is, used as a cloak for passing off an inferior for a superior product. It is also an obvious cover for adulteration, and we trust that those who are preparing the Bill to be laid before the House of Commons will give due weight to this important consideration.

CRICKETERS AND AGRICULTURE.

There seems every probability of a corner in willow trees for bat-making during the immediate future. Enterprising firms had the foresight some years ago to buy up most of the existing supplies in this country, and an Australian bat-maker is complaining that he finds it impossible to obtain any *Salix alba*, or its offspring, *Salix viridis*, in England. Curiously enough, this island seems to have a monopoly of wood for bats, that grown in Holland and other countries being quite valueless.

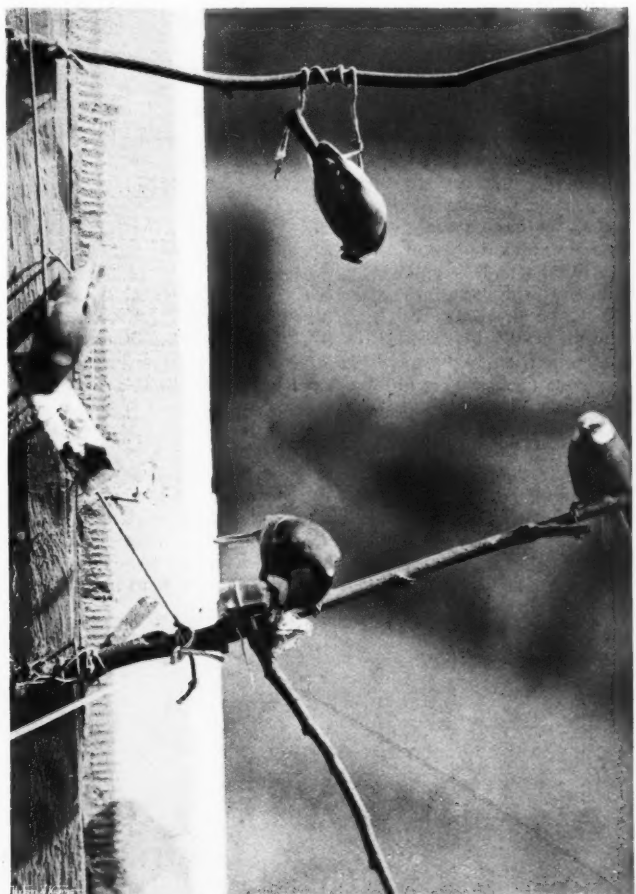
Cricketers demand more wood than ever in their bats now that cutting has given way to forcing strokes, and they seem, too, to have made up their minds to sacrifice durability to driving power. The "old favourite" bat is much more rarely heard of, and the man who plays constantly expects to buy some half-a-dozen every season. The white, light, sappy wood, while it lasts, drives better, and if not "edged" too cruelly in the first two or three innings, satisfies the demands made on it well enough. This is all in favour of a quick return on willow-planting. The writer of a very interesting article in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* thinks that owners of rich soil, near water that is not stagnant, might do worse than turn their attention to this kind of planting. Repeated pollarding is said to ruin the wood, though, perhaps, when done twice—care being taken that only one stem is grown—the process may be beneficial. At any rate, all side shoots must be rubbed off to avoid the formation of knots; and when it is considered that at recent sales the price per cubic foot has touched 8s., it is evident that willow-growing for the market may, on the right land, prove to be well worth taking up.

GREAT TITS AT THE WINDOW.

ONE of my earliest experiences of great tits was in this wise. It was a sparkling spring morning, and I was roaming about an old-fashioned hillside garden, peering into holes and crevices in search of nests. Up this, long ago, rustic steps had been built, half embracing a tree's huge bole, and leading to an arbour which the tree had invited by dividing some 12ft. from the ground into three strong outspread upward-curving branches. Here the household had been wont to gather forty years ago, before recently planted trees had joined hands over newly made paths to give shelter from the summer sun. Long disused, the crumbling steps gave but doubtful foothold, as I carefully mounted to explore the mouldering platform and seats above. As my head came level with the topmost step I noticed a cleft in the tree just below the fork. A likely place for a nest, I thought, and large enough for me to insert my hand. The action quickly followed the thought; but my hand was more quickly withdrawn, for my fingers were sharply struck within the hole by I knew not what, and there was a hissing as though I had roused an angry snake. Peering in, I



A SEXTET OF BLUE TITS.



OXEYE AND HANGING BLUE TITS.

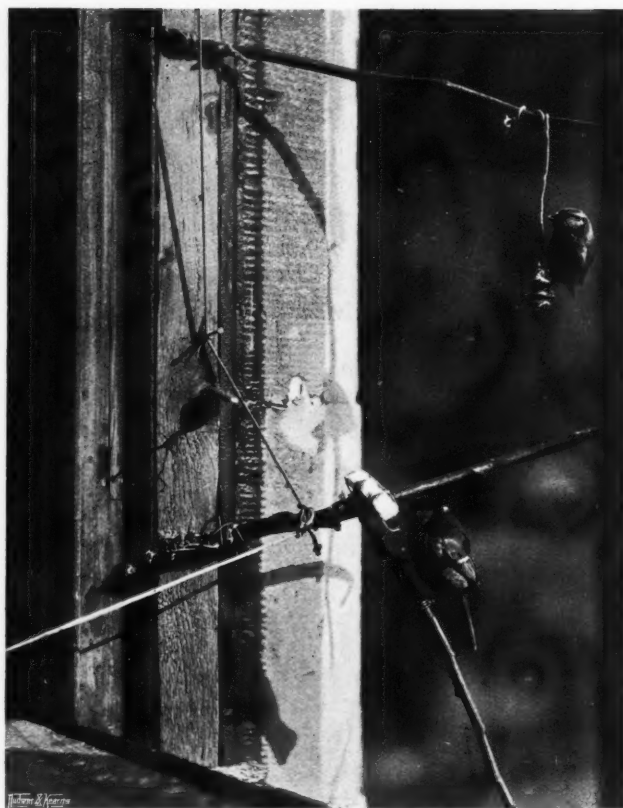
could just discern two gleaming specks and two small patches of white below them, and then there was another hiss and a quick stroke of a wing. I had found a great tit sitting upon her eggs. Respecting her bravery, I did not further disturb her.

Though there were several pairs of these birds in the garden, it was long before they learned to visit my window larder. They would watch the cole tits carrying off bits of nut and cheese, far in excess of their present needs, and hiding them up and down the close-cut yew hedge. Often enough they discovered and rifled these hidden stores of their little cousins. The great tits much appreciated the cheese, and this finally brought them to the window-perch above the hedge, where they could see big lumps temptingly displayed, and where robins, chaffinches, blue tits, and cole tits were regularly regaling themselves. I remember well the first visit of an oxeeye to my window. He alighted on the perch with such a thud that its insecure fastening gave way, and as the branch sank beneath him he flew off in alarm. I immediately secured the perch firmly, and replenished the supply of cheese and nuts. In a few minutes the same bird returned, alighted, looked round suspiciously, and after a flute-like double call to his mate in a neighbouring tree, inviting her to the feast, he plunged his beak into the cheese. Two months

later, when the bird was tamer and not so easily alarmed, I took a photograph, hiding behind a screen inside the room near the open larder window, and peering out of small eyeholes at the comings and goings of the birds. This screen was necessary, for this cock bird would always fly off if he caught sight of me near the window. The hen, who often came with her mate, was wilder still. Both came most regularly in early April, at the time when they were discussing their coming domestic arrangements. I could see them in an oak tree from my window, and their discussions seemed to always end by the cock bird saying: "Well, let us go and have some cheese." And he would gaily lead the way, and whistle that the coast was clear.

Snugly ensconced, with camera fixed, focussed, and loaded, I would wait for the oxeyes behind my screen in the early afternoon, watching the playful antics of a troupe of blue tits as they swung from almonds or discussed cheese, as in the first illustration. None of the birds cultivated a taste for green cheese. If it was green and alive, the robins and tits would greedily pick out and swallow the live parts, leaving the mould. Suddenly the fun of the tomtits would be disturbed by a great tit thumping down on to the middle of the lower perch. From this, with a bound and an angry half-spreading of wings and tail, he scattered the cheese-fanciers, and, utterly oblivious of the claims of the smaller fry all about him, he dug lustily time after time into the cheese, working his beak as though it were a pickaxe.

In the last illustration a not infrequent scene is represented. The bolder blue tits pluck up courage, and determine, with beating hearts, to drive away the big buccaneer who is robbing them of their lawful prize. The lower tomtit, with head and beak white-speckled with cheese crumbs, is inviting assistance from more timorous tits on the window-ledge beneath, and as he mounts to the attack, he raises his blue crest to reassure the



FEEDING IN PEACE.

craven-hearted. But the tomtit above is bolder still, and, looking his fiercest, he is crouching for a spring. The oxeye, with calm, vigilant look, is aware of both lines of attack, showing his coolness by holding a slip of cheese in his beak as though it were a cigarette. On this same sharp-pointed beak he is quite capable of impaling his first assailant.

The oxeye has a bad character given him by writers on birds, owing to his pugnaciousness and formidable fighting powers, but I have never seen him do much harm to another bird at the window. He will fight and peck fiercely at any bird that will not give him place at the cheese corner, and when there he resents other birds venturing to share his meal on equal terms. A cock bird even tries to prevent tits hanging on and pecking from below, as in the second illustration. The hen great tits, though they show fight even against a human intruder at the nest, are peaceful enough at the window. I have seen one frightened away by a hedge-sparrow, the quietest and most peace-loving of window frequenters. The great tit was standing upon a big lump of cheese, and the hedge-sparrow, standing on the perch at one side, in trying for a morsel of cheese, pecked

one of the great tit's front toes that were spread out and bent down over the edge of the cheese cube. This was obviously an accident, but a very ugly one it might have proved for Shuffle-wing had the bird on the cheese been Mr. Oxeye instead of his spouse. As it was, the hen great tit, alarmed, flew off without showing any sign of wishing to retaliate.

Amongst mature great tits the hens are easily distinguished from the cocks by their dress. The yellow on their breasts, on either side of the strongly-marked dividing band of black, is far paler and less brilliant in the case of the hen birds. The cock, with his glossy black crest and throat, black eyes, and bright yellow breast plumage, has often reminded me of a pirate as he sails boldly into the window on a raiding expedition, to the



A COMBINED ATTACK.

consternation of the smaller craft. But in spite of his piratical looks and fighting propensities the oxeye is a most affectionate bird. Cock and hen keep together, not merely in the breeding season, but even in the winter. I have watched them hunting for grubs in couples on a winter's morning, occasionally uttering their call-note, and never far away from one another. I discovered a pair on November 10th taking a bath together in a ditch, and afterwards they chatted away as they preened their

feathers and spread their wings out to dry in a neighbouring apple tree, on a branch that caught the sloping rays of the afternoon sun. No young oxeys have visited my window, though their parents have fed them on the top of the yew hedge just below. Fluffy, white-breasted, harmless-looking fellows, these newly-fledged oxeys are very different to the fierce young cocks that are now blustering about in all the glory of their new adult plumage, enjoying their first lovers' quarrels.

BERNARD BUTLER.

SHOOTING.

THE GROUSE AND THE HEATHER.

THE winter has been a very favourable one, generally speaking, for the grouse. Up to a late date there was very little snow, and when it did come there came too a strong wind that carried it off the hillocks, so that the birds had some clear ground to resort to. But there is one point in which it has left a great deal to be desired. It has given very little opportunity indeed for heather-burning, and in a very short while it will be too late for this operation. Even so far back as late January we had a letter from the Mackintosh at Moy in Inverness-shire, expressing anxiety on this head, and certainly the weather has been no more favourable since. From North Wales a keeper writes us now, in late March, in the same strain—only that the case is proportionately grave in that the possible time for burning is so restricted: "Taking the weather on the whole since the New Year, it has been very wet indeed, and we have been able to do but very little in the way of heather-burning, and I should be glad to see this clear up and let us have a week or so of cold dry weather." Nevertheless, he is able to say that "we have a nice stock of birds, and up to the present they are looking well and healthy." Fortunately this is the very general verdict.

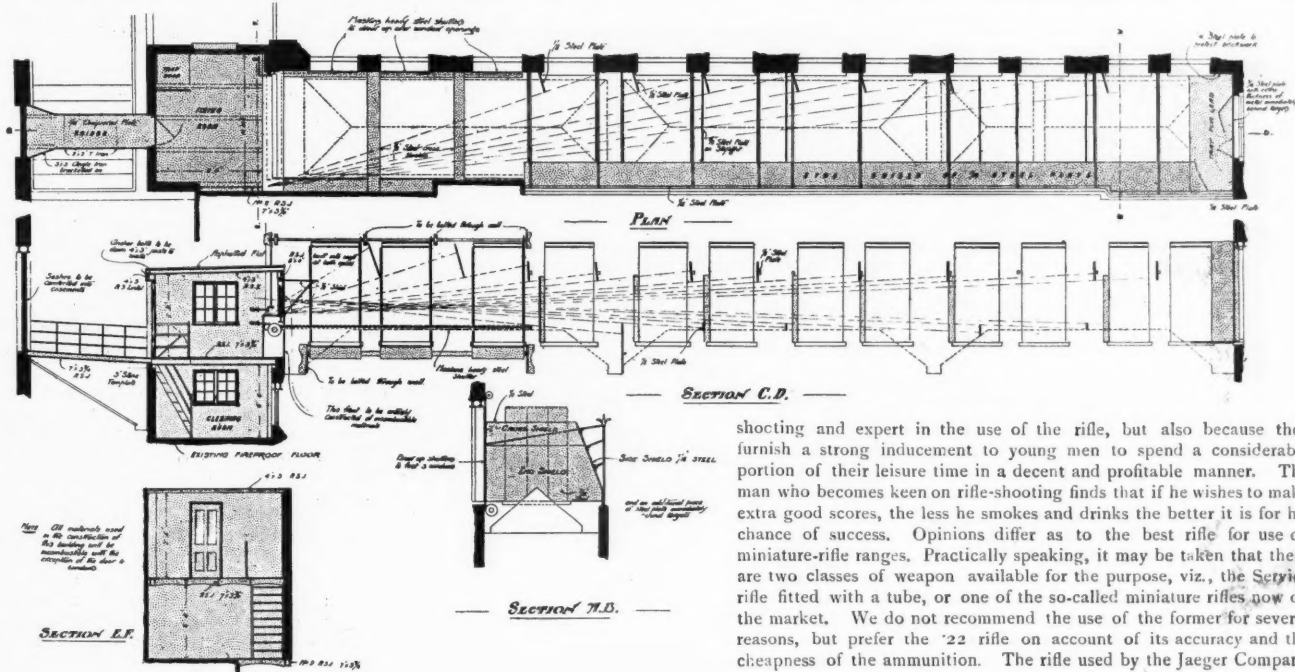
We have a letter from a correspondent who has a very thorough knowledge of the sporting conditions in general of the South-West of Scotland, in which he calls attention to the fact that in parts of that country there is not even yet sufficient attention paid to this all-important matter of the heather-burning. Our correspondent writes as follows: "The past shooting season in the South-West of Scotland has, on the whole, been a satisfactory one. As regards grouse, the entire absence of disease, and the favourable weather during the nesting and hatching seasons, raised hopes that the excellent season of 1904 was going to be surpassed; but this was not the case. Perhaps the best grouse moors in this district are those of the Duke of Buccleuch near Langholm in Dumfriesshire; 7,043 grouse were killed here between August 12th and September 13th, the weather during that period being bad, and the total not considered good. Speaking generally, it is to be regretted that more care as to the burning of heather is not exercised. On many moors the heather is allowed to grow old and rank, so that when burnt, the young heather takes a long time to come back. Added to this, the majority of the moors carry a large stock of sheep, which play great havoc with the young heather as it is sprouting. At Langholm, I believe, as elsewhere in the district, newly-burnt tracts are fenced off from

the stock, so that the young heather can make its growth unmolested; and the effect of this precaution has been to provide and protect the necessary food supply."

In speaking of the sheep working on the young heather, a principal difficulty on many moors is touched at once. It is of comparatively late years that it has become a recognised theory that the right way (for grouse) of burning a moor is in small patches, not in big strips. The big strips are what the sheep-farmer likes, and where he has much to say on the matter there is sure to be some difference of opinion before the thing is done between him and the keeper. It is probably on this account that thousands and thousands of acres of what looks like beautiful grouse ground in Wales are not taken in hand and worked in the interests of the grouse, the sheep-farmer demanding a wider burning than suits the grouse. The whole question and best method of burning the heather are thoroughly discussed in the COUNTRY LIFE Library "Shooting," Vol. I., where there is a chapter composed from notes written by the Mackintosh of Mackintosh. The Mackintosh's own moor of Moy is a perfect object-lesson in heather-burning, as in other respects, and it presents the aspect, seen from a little distance, of a patchwork counterpane, so small and so many are the patches in which the moor is burnt. Except on the hillocks, where the heather is left longer, because the snow blows off them, and so the birds find refuge there in winter, there is hardly a patch of heather on the moor that would hide a dead grouse. It may be added that at Moy they have found the heather-burning much facilitated by the use of a special lamp, that costs no more than 3s. 6d., if the writer's memory serves him right.

MINIATURE-RIFLE-SHOOTING IN THE CITY.

NO better or more practical response to the patriotic appeal of Lord Roberts to his fellow-countrymen could be made than to follow the example set by Mr. Tomalin at the establishment of the Jaeger Company in Milton Street. Men engaged in business all day long have but little leisure, and, perhaps, not over-much inclination to waste their hours of freedom in going to and from a distant rifle range. Taking that into consideration, Mr. Tomalin came to the wise decision that, if possible, he would bring the rifle range to the men. In carrying out this idea there were many difficulties to be overcome, but they have been successfully surmounted, thanks to his energy and liberality. Visitors to this company's miniature-rifle range will now find a perfectly equipped, well lighted, and comfortable rifle club in working order in the heart of the City, and in the centre of a great business establishment. That such institutions as these will make for the good of the country is beyond doubt, not only because by their means thousands of men, who would otherwise never have a rifle in their hands, become interested in



shooting and expert in the use of the rifle, but also because they furnish a strong inducement to young men to spend a considerable portion of their leisure time in a decent and profitable manner. The man who becomes keen on rifle-shooting finds that if he wishes to make extra good scores, the less he smokes and drinks the better it is for his chance of success. Opinions differ as to the best rifle for use on miniature-rifle ranges. Practically speaking, it may be taken that there are two classes of weapon available for the purpose, viz., the Service rifle fitted with a tube, or one of the so-called miniature rifles now on the market. We do not recommend the use of the former for several reasons, but prefer the '22 rifle on account of its accuracy and the cheapness of the ammunition. The rifle used by the Jaeger Company

Club is the .22 as made by Messrs. Greener, and a testimony to the accuracy of this weapon is to be found in some of the targets made with open sights by members of the club. We may remark in passing that we agree with Mr. H. Tomalin, the captain of the club, as regards the sights to be used in practice. It is evident that by the use of orthoptic sights finer shooting can be made, but the open sight is the most practical, in that it accustoms the shooter to the use of the military sight, and open-sight competitions are certainly more sporting affairs than those in which any sight or device for sighting is allowed.

The difficulties with which Mr. Tomalin had to contend in the construction of the range will be clearly understood by referring to the pictures given of the space available before and after the completion of the range. The diagrams which we are enabled to publish show the simplicity and effectiveness of the means employed to provide for the "safety" of the range, which has been accomplished to the complete satisfaction of the London County Council. It will be seen on referring to the pictures that the range in question is carried over a series of skylights, and is bounded on the left hand by the wall of a building in which are rows of windows, and on the right by an iron railing, which separates the premises from those adjacent. The target end of the range is occupied by a large window. The precautions adopted are as follows: The first three windows (on the left-hand side) are protected by ordinary revolving metal shutters or blinds, which are let down when business hours are over and the range is in use. The rest of the windows are guaranteed from stray bullets or splashes by shields fixed at right angles to the wall, and a reference to the diagram, in which the possible path of a bullet is indicated by dotted lines, will show that if a bullet should by any chance go in the direction of these windows it must be arrested by one or other of these shields. Similar shields protect the skylights over which the range runs, with the exception of the one nearest the firing-point, which is completely covered by a revolving metal shutter when practice is going on. Four targets can be used simultaneously, and they are so arranged that they are available for use either as stationary or disappearing targets. In our illustration the methods employed for moving them up to the firing-point for inspection, and for conveying them back to their position at the butts, are clearly shown. The overhead line is protected in the same manner, and a continuous sheet of 1-16in. steel attached to the railings on the right hand forms an efficient protection for the neighbouring premises. Folding doors of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. steel plate, reinforced immediately behind the targets, protect the large window there. They are only closed when the range is in use, and are so arranged that until they are closed the electric lighting of the range cannot be switched on.

We feel sure that Mr. Tomalin would willingly give further information to anyone desirous of establishing a rifle range of this nature, and we earnestly hope that business firms throughout the country may be induced to follow the example of the Jaeger Company. In many country houses and suburban residences there are corridors, lofts, or outbuildings in which the establishment of a miniature-rifle range would be a comparatively simple matter, and there is no doubt that in such places they would not only be useful as a means of instruction in the use of the rifle, but would also provide a pleasant and exciting amusement for many an afternoon or evening. There are also



THE FIRING-POINT.

many village halls, reading-rooms, and clubs in connection with which miniature-rifle ranges could easily be fitted up with a little assistance from "the Squire," and in these cases the sub-target machine, of which a full explanation has already been published in these columns, would be found to be a most useful adjunct for purposes of instruction and amusement. It may be of interest to point out that this machine is extremely economical, as continued practice can be indulged in without any expenditure of ammunition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

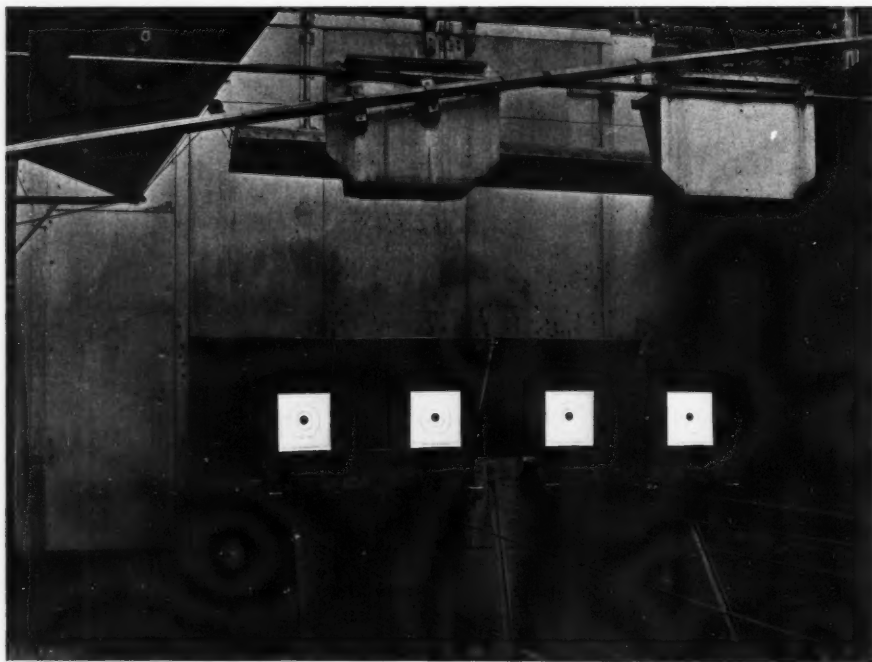
THE FITTING OF GUNS AND SHOOTING GLASSES.

SIR,—I am writing the following in the hope that other sportsmen may benefit from it as I have done, should you be so kind as to publish my experiences. When quite young I bought a gun by a well-known London gunmaker and shot for a few years with it; but I found that, do what I could, I never seemed to shoot anything like consistently, and so a few months ago I decided to try if Mr. W. Ford of Birmingham (I had seen several of his guns and shot with them) could not improve my shooting. I got a gun built by him, and also (this is a very important point) got him to fit me with suitable glasses, which are a perfect piece of workmanship, and also had my old gun made to match the other. The result was that I shot really remarkably well, easily holding my own with recognised good shots. One instance will show, namely, while out with Mr. Ussher, the well-known naturalist, I shot six woodcocks with the first six shots of the day. I may say that I am in no way interested with Mr. Ford, and only write as I do because I feel that there must be many sportsmen like myself who would, I am perfectly sure, be made to shoot far better by him than they are doing now.—G. HIGGINBOTHAM, Ivyholme, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

[It seems necessary to remind our correspondent that there is nothing new in having a gun or glasses fitted. This course has been adopted by the leading gunmakers for many years, and there is no doubt that all shooters would do well to avail themselves of a gunmaker's advice and assistance in the fitting and selection of a gun.—ED.]

THE SUB-TARGET RIFLE.

SIR,—I have been much interested in your admirable description of the sub-target rifle, which is really a wonderful invention, and I wish to ask if it would be possible to accommodate it to recording the aim, with a shot-gun, at a moving bird or beast. The purpose of teaching the nation to shoot in self-defence is a grand one; but if the machine could be made to help the indifferent shot with a gun to do better its popularity would be enormous. Whereas its present cost is £50, £100, or many hundreds, an even larger sum would be gladly paid by many for a machine that would record their errors in marksmanship with a shot-gun. Besides, it would be a most amusing toy. What I should suggest is a mark like a flying bird, crossing a white sheet at the end of a room, for target. The shooter ought to know when it was coming (he might give the signal, as in pigeon-shooting), for in real shooting the gunner is aware of the bird's approach some while before he fires at it—he sees it coming, as a rule. It may be that it would be quite impossible to construct such a machine as I am suggesting; but if it could be constructed it would pay over and over again—its popularity would be so great—even though the initial cost were heavy.—H.



THE TARGETS.